Smith

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SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

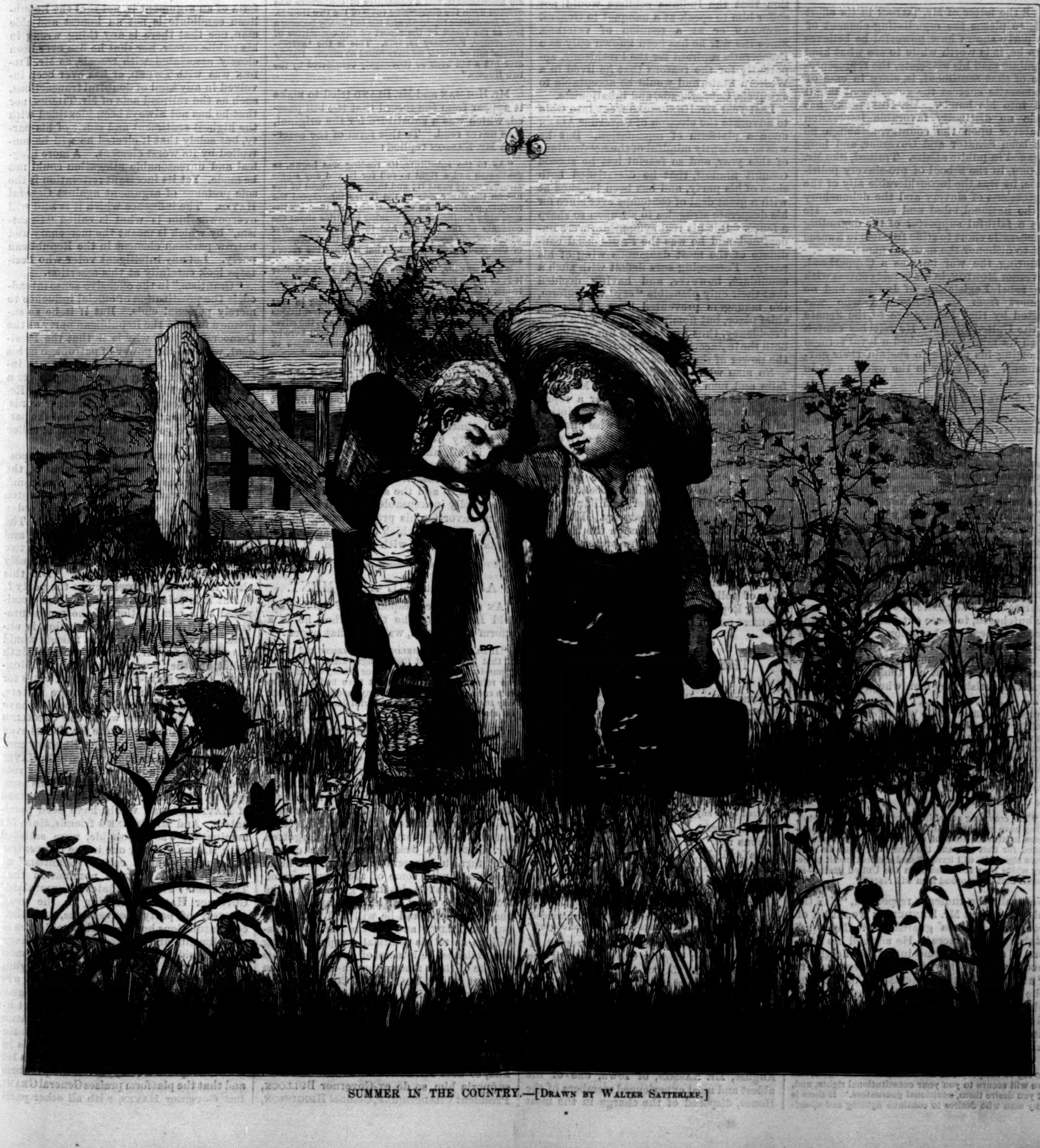
Mr. Walter Satterlee's pretty picture of two children walking side by side in the sweet summer fields, with flowers about their feet and butterflies fluttering overhead, reminds one, by contrast, of the sad lot of poor city children, who rarely have an opportunity to breathe the pure air of the country, and refresh their eyes with the sight of flowers and grass. Much relief is afforded by the weekly excursions sent out by charitable societies; but the number who could take part in these pleasant recreations is small indeed in comparison with the thousands who never get beyond the limits of the crowded, unwholesome streets and alleys where they live. Our readers may remember **Stoddard**'s graphic picture of their condition in his poem called "The Poor in Summer," published several years ago in the *Weekly:*

"The many shut in cities
  Amid the smoke and dust,
Whose lives are sternly ordered,
  Not as they would, but *must;*
Between the bier and cradle
  Who draw no idle breath:
Dreadful to them is Summer—
  Another name for Death!

* * * * *

The children, oh, the children,
  That every hour are born,
To suffer, like their parents,
  To live and die forlorn!
The puny babe that suckles,
  The child upon the floor,
And the larger ones that wallow
  In the mud about the door—
God pity them in summer,
  Poor children of the poor!"

The life of poor country children is not, indeed, without its unpleasant side, but it is existence in paradise compared with that of the poor children of the city.



SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.—[Drawn by Walter Satterlee.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 2, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a trenchant Political Cartoon, a fine double-page engraving from a painting by* Sir John Gilbert, *and an engraving called* "*Plowing in Lower Egypt.*"

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE VICE OF THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

As the letter of Mr. Tilden in its effort to please the repudiating element of his party shows how powerful he believes it to be, it is worth while to see what kind of public man his associate, the representative of that sentiment, is, since in case of Democratic success the government might fall into his hands. Mr. Hendricks has made no distinctly favorable impression whatever upon the country, although he has been Senator and Governor, and long engaged in public affairs. Trained, like Mr. Tilden, in the school of pro-slavery politicians, he was the inconsiderable ally of the aggressions of slavery and the debauchery of the national mind and conscience. He was a faithful supporter of the degrading Democratic effort to stifle freedom in Kansas and to dishonor the national name.

During the war he was a Copperhead. Governor Morton, in his heroic contest with the rebel Legislature of Indiana, had no support from Mr. Hendricks, who was elected by that Legislature to the Senate of the United States. He left his church when its minister preached a loyal sermon exhorting his people to sustain their government. And early in the war he said in a speech:

> "If the war, being prosecuted, shall have the effect of abolishing our market in the South by destroying the peculiar system of labor in that section, then I would advise the Northwest to look out for itself."

It was just at the time that Mr. Tilden was engaged in publishing tracts to discredit and denounce Mr. Lincoln's conduct of the war. Mr. Hendricks zealously aided this work by addressing meetings, the calls of which summoned "all who are in favor of peace, all who desire to be free from the death grip of this wicked, tyrannical, and imbecile Administration, its arbitrary and illegal arrests, and its draft and conscription laws, by which peaceable citizens are dragged from their homes and all the endearments of domestic life to butcher and be butchered, to come out and hear this advocate of peace and reunion." And in this vein he spoke. In February, 1863, at such a meeting, he denounced Mr. Lincoln for making the contest an abolition war. It was the antislavery men who were guilty:

> "If Congress would take a bundle of switches and switch them all out of the White House, it would be well for the people; but until that is done, it will not be well. You may hear prayers in our churches; your sons may go out to the battle-field; but our country is not to be restored as it was until Abolitionism is buried, never to be resurrected."

Colored regiments had been authorized, and he exclaimed:

> "The crowning act of injustice has been completed. They have passed a bill in the House of Representatives to arm an army of negroes....Every man who voted for that bill, and the President when he shall have signed it, will have offered a direct insult to every white man and woman in the United States—an insult that every proud man will resent."

Naturally the audience responded, "Kill the niggers!" and Mr. Hendricks would be, of course, a zealous guardian of the equal rights of both races! He advised his hearers, if any body came into their neighborhood without law to arrest deserters, to "attend to that gentleman at once;" and the response was, "We'll attend to them, old fellow!" He did not advise enlisting, for he said that he would not recommend any one to do what he did not mean to do himself. And he continued:

> "I am ready to compromise at any time. I am ready to say to the people of the South, 'Come in again, and we will secure to you your constitutional rights, and, if you desire them, additional guarantees.' If there is any man who desires to continue fighting and spending the people's money and lives, I do not sympathize with him.
>
> "Congress will not meet until next December, and until that time the government will be under the control of the Abolitionists. It may be that events will settle the question before that time. If it goes on a little while longer as it has been since the President issued his proclamation, it is going against us.
>
> "I do not know whether that proclamation is going to be taken back or not; I am going to vote to take it back the first opportunity I get. [Cheers.] It was a wicked thing to have issued.
>
> "The people say to Mr. Lincoln, 'You must stand by the Constitution; you have no right to make an abolition purpose of this war.' Mr. Lincoln says to the people, 'You are not loyal; I am loyal.' He says, 'You fellows, you men in workshops and on farms, I'll put you in dungeons if you do not be still when I shake my head.'"

These were Mr. Hendricks's views and words while his country was engaged in a mortal struggle with slavery and treason. Is there any good reason why he should be selected from forty millions of people to be the possible head of a government which he did his best to destroy?

When the country that he had sought to destroy emerged victorious from the war, Mr. Hendricks as Senator denied the power of Congress or of the people to abolish slavery by a constitutional amendment. He voted against all the new amendments. He was one of three Senators who voted for a proposition that no colored man should vote unless he was worth $250 in his own right or in that of his wife. Such was his notorious opposition to the war and to emancipation that the Indiana soldiers would not suffer him to speak at a banquet to General Sherman or at a reunion of veterans. Since the war he has been known only as a Democratic aspirant for the Presidency, apparently for the reasons that he lived in a Western State, and would be acceptable to ex-rebels, Copperheads, and inflationists.

Last year Mr. Hendricks went into Ohio to advocate the election of Governor Allen upon a platform of repudiation. But he was so evidently mindful of the nominations of this year, and so fearful lest he should commit himself, that he dissatisfied both sides of his party, and has been laughed at with a great deal of contempt ever since for his desperate struggles to sit upon so sharp a fence. But his real sympathies were understood, and he was the Presidential candidate of the most dangerous wing of his party. Foreseeing sure defeat with such a candidate, however, and having decided that their only plausible "cry" was reform, the managers prevented his securing the chief place, but nominated him for the Vice-Presidency, thus proclaiming unmistakably both the insincerity of their cry of reform and the power of the Democratic repudiators.

No man who is familiar with public affairs and men would claim that Mr. Hendricks is in any sense whatever a representative of the loyal and sincere patriotism of the country, of a sound and wise financial system, or of improvement in the civil service. He is no more a representative of reform than Fernando Wood, and no more stands for what the Democratic platform declares to be the cardinal necessities of the time than any other familiar Democratic politician in the country. His association with Mr. Tilden upon the ticket is an illustration of the hollow pretense of the Democratic campaign. There may be Democrats who in some way represent sagacious judgment and statesmanship and the elevation of political life, as Mr. Wheeler does among Republicans. But Mr. Hendricks is no more one of them than Isaiah Rynders.

THE "SURREPTITIOUS" COINAGE ACT.

During the silver debate in Congress, Mr. Jones in the Senate and Mr. Bland in the House, with several other members, commented very severely upon the method in which the bill demonetizing silver, the Coinage Act of 1873, was passed. Mr. Bland declared that

> "it was passed surreptitiously and without discussion, and was one of the grossest measures of injustice ever inflicted upon any people."

Mr. Campbell, of Illinois, called it "an infamous act," "a grand swindle," "an infamous swindle," an "infamous law," "inspired by the money lords of Europe." Mr. Fort said:

> "I fear it will be found that a certain English gentleman, resident of London, was the author of the scheme....The money lords of London commanded, and we in humility and silence bowed low and obeyed."

Meanwhile a reference to the report of Mr. Knox, then Deputy Comptroller of the Currency, of the 25th of April, 1870, with his subsequent report of the 25th of June, 1870, upon the revision of the mint and coinage laws, including the correspondence of the Treasury Department upon the proposed bill, would have shown how utterly baseless was the charge of "surreptitious" action. In reply to Mr. Bland, on the 6th of August, Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, one of the ablest and most experienced members of the House, disposed of the charge in the most conclusive manner. As a complete and satisfactory statement, we quote his words:

> "The records of the Treasury Department show that the Coinage Act of 1873 was first transmitted to the Forty-first Congress by the department, accompanied by a report. On the 25th of April, 1870, it was introduced into the Senate by Senator Sherman, and printed on April 28. It was reported from the Committee on Finance to the Senate, after seven months, on the 19th of December, 1870, and again printed, with amendments. It passed the Senate on the 10th of January, 1871, and went to the House, and was printed by order of the House on the 13th of January, 1871. On the 25th of February, 1871, it was again brought before this House by the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kelley], not now in his seat, who reported it back from the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures (of which he was chairman), with an amendment in the nature of a substitute. It was again printed and recommitted. That same gentleman again introduced the bill in the Forty-second Congress, and after considerable discussion it was again recommitted, and was not again considered in the House, as it appears, until the next session. On the 9th of February, 1872, it was reported from the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures by Mr. Hooper, and printed and recommitted. On the 13th of February, 1872, the bill was reported back by Mr. Hooper, with amendments, and made a special order for the 12th of March and until disposed of. And the bill finally passed the House, May 27, 1872, upon a division—ayes, 110; noes, 13. The bill then went to the Senate, and was ordered to be printed, and on May 29, 1872, was referred to the Committee on Finance. It was again reported back to the Senate in December, 1872, ordered to be printed and recommitted, reported back, with amendment, January 7, 1873, and passed that body on January 17, 1873. It was sent to the House again, for concurrence in the Senate amendments, on January 21, 1873. On motion of Mr. Hoar the bill was again ordered to be printed, with the Senate amendments, and a committee of conference was ordered upon the disagreeing votes of the two Houses. That committee reported, and the bill finally became a law as the result of the report of the committee of conference, February 12, 1873. This is the 'surreptitious' bill of which we have heard so much. Hardly ever has a bill been so thoroughly considered by the two Houses."

Mr. Holman and Mr. Bland tried to make it appear from the record that the bill passed, which was a substitute for the original, was never read. To this form of the assertion Mr. Kasson replied:

> "As to the substitute, its reading was begun, as gentlemen had a right to call for it, and any single member could exact it; and then an opponent of the bill on the other side of the House interrupted the reading, preferring an explanation; and then gentleman after gentleman rose making inquiries about the contents of the bill, and had them answered, after which nobody seems to have called for the conclusion of the reading of the bill. That is what the record shows."
>
> Mr. Lawrence. "Will the gentleman state whether it is or is not the fact that that bill changed the legal-tender quality of the silver dollar?"
>
> Mr. Kasson. "I have not found any thing in that coinage law that indicates the slightest surreptitious act or unusual proceeding. On the contrary, the silver dollar was omitted from the original bill sent here by the Treasury Department, and the consideration of that question ran through all the various bills."

Reference to the report of Mr. Knox shows that the proposition to omit the old silver dollar was stated explicitly four different times. The bill was printed separately eleven times, and twice in the reports of the Deputy Comptroller, making thirteen times in all, and it was most thoroughly examined by the committees of both Houses. The reckless assertions and denunciations of Mr. Bland and the supporters of his bill were wholly inexcusable, and will certainly win no favor for his project among honest people. A cause which requires such arguments covers itself with suspicion.

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT.

An amusing correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who thinks that he is a reform Republican, writes to that paper:

> "If Blaine and Conkling and Cameron, and others of that ilk, had kept their congratulatory letters to themselves, and had had the grace to keep out of sight, the reform Republicans might have had a show to vote conscientiously for the party candidates; but the way those fellows rushed into print damned the party for me."

There are a great many persons who think that this kind of nonsense is an argument. Here is a gentleman who can not vote for Hayes because Mr. Blaine congratulated him, but he is ready to support Tilden, whom John Morrissey helped to nominate! This casuist will find it hard to construct an argument for Mr. Tilden from the character of his supporters. Has he forgotten Mr. Greeley's description of the classes that furnish Democratic voters? If he is displeased with some of the supporters of Governor Hayes, let him go through the slums of the cities of the State and canvass the grog-shops, and he will find them zealous for Tilden and reform. If he is fastidious as to his political company among Republicans, he is sure of sympathy in his dislike of them among the Ku-Klux. If the support of Mr. Blaine, Mr. Conkling, and Mr. Cameron taints one candidate, does that of Mr. Fernando Wood, General M. C. Butler, of the Hamburg massacre, and Mr. Henry Clay Dean commend the other? If Mr. Blaine supports Hayes, so does President Woolsey. If Mr. Conkling supports him, so does Mr. Schurz. If Mr. Cameron supports him, so do ex-Governor Bullock, President Chadbourne, Colonel Higginson, and all whom this correspondent has regarded as safe guides.

We commend to this reform Republican the following paragraph from the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

> "This is the style of argument addressed by a rural rooster to his Democratic readers:
>
> "'Babcock is for Hayes and Wheeler.
>
> "'Belknap supports Hayes and Wheeler.
>
> "'Simon Cameron runs Hayes and Wheeler.
>
> "'General Hancock supports Tilden and Hendricks.
>
> "'Fighting Joe Hooker has put on the war-paint in favor of Uncle Samuel.
>
> "'U. S. Grant supports Hayes and Wheeler in his own peculiar and happy way.'
>
> "Now it is the duty of the rooster on the other side to inform a pensive public that:
>
> "John Morrissey runs Tilden.
>
> "John Kelly and all Tammany support Tilden.
>
> "The eighty-five Confederate brigadiers in the House support Tilden.
>
> "Bashi-Bazouk Butler, the hero of the Hamburg massacre, supports Tilden.
>
> "All the Ku-Klux and ex-Knights of the Golden Circle support Tilden.
>
> "The 'solid South' supports Tilden, or will if the Derringer policy prevails in South Carolina and Louisiana.
>
> "The Whiskey Ring doesn't support Hayes. Avery isn't for him, nor Joyce, nor M'Donald, nor any of those fellows.
>
> "It is a high way of reasoning out the Presidential problem, you see."

PROBABILITIES.

As the campaign advances, the Democratic argument becomes constantly weaker. Indeed, the only assertion that has even the form of an argument is, not that the Republican candidate is not an honest and able man, nor that there is any thing wrong in his public career, nor that he has ever been closely associated with rascals, as Mr. Tilden was with Tweed, or has ever been involved in any kind of doubtful transactions, such as the railroad acts of Mr. Tilden, nor that he has not always been identified with the highest sentiment and spirit of his party, but solely that if elected he will be controlled by its worst element. A more illogical and unreasonable allegation could not be made. Yet its incessant reiteration is the sole pretense of argument against General Hayes. The influence which it is said will overpower him is what is called "Grantism," by which is meant the mercenary and narrow partisan element in the Republican party. Let any intelligent voter who hesitates look carefully at this assertion.

"Grantism," in the offensive sense intended, is the prostitution of official influence to merely personal ends. But if it be so supreme a force in the Republican party as the Democrats assert, why is it that the President, with all the power of patronage at his command, and bent, as the Democrats insist, upon a third term, could not procure a renomination? Simply because of the Republican protest against it. In other words, the good sense and the patriotism of the party were more powerful than what is called "Grantism."

But not only was not a renomination possible, but the controlling sentiment of the Convention was adverse to this "Grantism." The primary candidates who were accepted as its especial representatives received a most meagre and insignificant support. The majority of votes and the whole force and enthusiasm of the assembly were for the two primary candidates who were notoriously most repugnant to "Grantism." Did this show its absolute supremacy in the party?

But it is said that Mr. Hayes was nominated by a combination of the representatives of "Grantism." The assertion is untrue. Mr. Morton's Indiana friends would have voted for Mr. Bristow on the sixth ballot, had they been released from Mr. Morton. Of the sixty-nine New York votes for Mr. Conkling, scarcely fifty were sincere, and his preferences could not possibly have controlled the others, while the Conkling leader was reluctant to vote for Hayes even on the seventh ballot. The Bristow men voted heartily and almost unitedly for Hayes on the seventh ballot, and it was their vote and known purpose which secured his nomination. Had they voted for Blaine instead of Hayes, Blaine would have been nominated. And Mr. Blaine's friends, since his nomination was impossible, were satisfied with Hayes. Every one in the Convention knew that what is called "Grantism" no more procured Hayes's nomination than Tildenism. The candidates congratulated Governor Hayes according to the usual courtesy of party Conventions, and their congratulations had as much significance as compliments and courtesies generally have.

No Presidential candidate was ever more absolutely free of every kind of entangling alliance than Governor Hayes. Those who are constantly asserting that however good a man he may be, and however excellent his intentions, yet that he is the mere creature of "Grantism," and must inevitably continue all the mischief which that word is intended to express, feebly add that in his letter of acceptance he approved the platform, and that the platform praises General Grant. But Governor Hayes, with all other patriotic Americans, knows the great services for which General Grant deserves to be and always will be praised, and he has too much good sense to except such a resolution from his general approval. But if any body says that he therefore approves "Grantism," let him show any where, and especially in any speech, letter, or essay of Mr. Tilden, so calm and thorough a declaration against all that is meant by "Grantism" as in Governor Hayes's letter of acceptance. On the other hand, while Governor Hayes shows in his letter his manly independence and perfect confidence in the best sentiment of his party, Governor Tilden in his letter truckles to the worst sentiment in his party, and makes a special plea worthy of his soft-money associate to win the votes of inflationists.

In regard to the probable party influences that would affect his Presidential action, Governor Hayes may challenge Governor Tilden as safely as upon every other point in the canvass.

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH.

The final difference between the Senate and the House upon the appropriation bills is a fair illustration of Democratic economy. The House insisted upon reducing the salary of members of Congress and of the President, and the Senate refused. The House yielded, and ought to have yielded, for its proposal was extremely mischievous. Senator Bayard showed this in a few trenchant remarks which exposed the folly of his party. The Democratic party, indeed, has always practically held that reducing salaries is economy and wise retrenchment. But there is not one important office in the government of which the salary is excessive. A great deal has been said of the enormity of an increase in the President's salary. But seventy years ago Jefferson said that he found it scarcely adequate to his necessities, and Jefferson made a merit of his economy. There is no danger, as reason suggests and experience proves, that official salaries in this country will ever be extravagant, and no policy is more uneconomical than their reduction. If offices are foolishly multiplied, as they are likely to be under our system of patronage, true economy dictates the abolition of all that are unnecessary. But without sufficient salaries offices will be filled, as Mr. Bayard truly said, either by those who are rich, or by those who are poor and who mean to become rich by means of office.

Every thing which tends to make public life difficult, and which, therefore, fosters a disposition to shun it, is poor patriotism and mistaken policy. Our system assumes that a prolonged and exclusive public career will be the exception, and that men will be constantly called from their private business to discharge public duties. In almost every case, when a man is not rich, this must be a sacrifice. It requires the interruption or suspension of active business or professional life, and experience shows how difficult it is to persuade men to make the sacrifice. To increase the difficulty by diminishing salaries, which are now not large enough to serve as inducements, is absurd; and to suppose that the country, "the plain people," can not see this is to insult their intelligence. Dr. Franklin thought that members of Congress should not be paid for their services, and he was the author of Poor Richard's maxims of economy. But what kind of economy would it be to follow the Doctor's plan, and abolish payment of members altogether? Would the country gain or lose? Suppose the policy extended further, to include all the high officers of state and of the judiciary. Would it be a wise retrenchment? Could there be greater folly? But if it be sound economy to pay a salary to such officers, it is necessary that it should be honorable and adequate to support them in the respectable manner in which American citizens would naturally prefer that their public officers should live. The ministers of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Pumpernickel may live in a three-story back-room over the green-grocer's. But that is not the American manner.

Great corporations of every kind find that it is true economy to secure the services of the most able men by very large salaries. The result is larger dividends to the stockholders. The principle is as applicable to public as to private business, and its practical application might divert to political life much of the capacity which it peculiarly demands, but which, for the reasons we have mentioned, is now lost to it. The reduction of salaries proposed by the Democratic party is emphatically a cheese-paring economy. It sought to compel the President to acquiesce in a reduction of the compensation of his office by adding it to an appropriation bill, so that if he vetoed it he would veto the necessary supplies for carrying on the government. Mr. Bayard characterized this as an attempt to place the President under moral duress to lessen the prerogatives of his office. He added that were he himself President, he should not hesitate under the circumstances to veto the bill, and leave the responsibility where it would properly belong. Mr. Bayard may be very sure that President Grant would have done likewise. But the House receded from its foolish position, having given another illustration of its want of administrative intelligence, and the bill was agreed to.

MR. ADAMS'S CHOICE.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has written the following letter:

> "Quincy, *August* 5, 1876.
>
> "Dear Sir,—I am one of the class now denominated Independents, asking no favors, and voting for the best men without regard to party lines. I propose to retain my position. But as to the choice offered to me between Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hayes, though having no prepossessions against either, I do not hesitate to say that the former is far the most fitted to meet the emergency in our politics, in my opinion, and I intend to vote for him. Very truly yours,
>
> "Charles Francis Adams.
>
> "H. F. M'Dermott, Esq., Jersey City."

Mr. Adams does not state what he thinks to be the nature of the emergency, and he gives no reasons for his opinion that Mr. Tilden is better fitted to meet it than Mr. Hayes. He prefers him, as he would have preferred Mr. Seward to Mr. Lincoln in 1860; and as he would have been mistaken then, he will probably prove to be mistaken now.

That Mr. Tilden, who has conspicuously surrendered to the soft-money element of his party, and who is associated upon the ticket with an inflationist, will, with the soft-money Democratic party behind him, more probably pursue a sound hard-money policy than Mr. Hayes, with Republican support, is not to be expected.

That Mr. Tilden, a Copperhead of the war, bred in the conviction that the South has been wronged and that reconstruction was unconstitutional, who, if elected, must owe his success largely to the votes of the late enemies of the government, would be the head of an Administration which would more justly and efficiently protect equal rights and oppose rebel claims upon the Treasury than Mr. Hayes, is certainly improbable.

That Mr. Tilden, an old Democratic machine politician, who would not openly break with Tweed until he saw that it would not hurt the party or himself, who has made his canal campaign subsidiary to his own personal ambition, and who has never said or done any thing showing sympathy with a thorough reform of the evils of political patronage, would more probably promote a genuine administrative reform than Mr. Hayes, can not fairly be supposed.

That Mr. Tilden has shown a political character or courage superior to those of Mr. Hayes, can not be truthfully asserted; for while he maintained the kind of relation with Tweed which is familiar, and while he knew that Tweed and his men had forged his name in the most damaging manner, he neither denounced them nor withdrew from co-operation with them, and he has now written an evasive letter to propitiate the most dangerous part of his party—the inflationists. Mr. Hayes, on the other hand, has never in any way consorted with knaves, and receiving the nomination without a pledge or a promise, has quietly defied all the venal elements of his own party, and appeals only to the intelligence, the patriotism, and the honesty of his fellow-citizens.

It is surprising that, upon a careful survey of Mr. Tilden's career as a political partisan, and upon full consideration of those upon whom he must depend, if elected, Mr. Adams should conclude that he is better fitted to meet the emergency of the time than Mr. Hayes.

MR. WEBSTER AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

That the evils of the system of controlling politics by patronage were seen before they had assumed their present monstrous proportions, is shown by the following letter of Mr. Webster, which has been lately republished. It has the same scope and purpose as the executive order of President Grant in 1872. The evil was not corrected, because the Administration of Harrison was not in earnest. But it will be corrected; for nothing is more certain than that the people of this country will not tolerate an abuse which they clearly comprehend, and nothing is more surprising and encouraging than the rapid growth of the popular resolution to deal with the evil which the bummers call a necessary part of our political system. They forget slavery, and they do not understand the people.

> "Department of State, *March* 20, 1841.
>
> "*To the Hon.* ——, *Secretary of* ——:
>
> "Sir,—The President is of opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the general government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and that this abuse ought to be corrected wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented in future.
>
> "He therefore directs that information be given that partisan interference in popular elections, whether of State officers or officers of this government, and for whomsoever or against whomsoever it may be exercised, or the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries or official compensation for party or election purposes, will be regarded by him as cause of removal.
>
> "It is not intended that any officer shall be restrained in the free and proper expression and maintenance of his opinions respecting public men or public measures, or in the exercise, to the fullest degree, of the constitutional right of suffrage. But persons employed under the government, and paid for their services out of the public Treasury, are not expected to take an active or officious part in attempts to influence the minds or votes of others, such conduct being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and the duties of public agents acting under it; and the President is resolved, so far as depends upon himself, that, while the exercise of the elective franchise by the people shall be free from undue influence of official station and authority, opinions shall also be free among the officers and agents of the government.
>
> "The President wishes it to be further announced, and distinctly understood, that from all collecting and disbursing officers promptitude in rendering accounts and entire punctuality in paying balances will be rigorously exacted. In his opinion it is time to return, in this respect, to the early practice of the government, and to hold any degree of delinquency on the part of those intrusted with the public money just cause of immediate removal. He deems the severe observance of this circular to be essential to the public service, as every dollar lost to the Treasury by unfaithfulness in office creates a necessity for a new charge upon the people.
>
> "I have the honor to be, etc.,
>
> (Signed) "Daniel Webster,
>
> "*Secretary of State.*"

PERSONAL.

Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has just received the almost unanimous vote of his district for member of Congress from Louisville, only some five hundred votes having been cast against him. Some solicitude having been expressed by his friends lest he might feel called upon to make things lively in Washington, he has taken the liberty to remark, in his paper, that he "will not march down to the foot-lights or fire off any horse-pistols whatsoever, but that he will try to do his share of the routine work, and may be able to resist the blandishments of the capital, in which he was born and passed the greater part of his life."

—A leading London journal, in alluding to the title just conferred on Mr. Disraeli, says he is "the most remarkable leader of the House of Commons that has ever been known." Certainly he is the only one who has combined the qualities of a novelist of the very highest order, of an orator who has no superior in Great Britain, and a Prime Minister whose sway over his party has been absolute, and, at the same time, marked by a tact and wisdom that have not been surpassed in the history of the British monarchy.

—Mr. William H. Sage, of Brooklyn, has given $5000 to Cornell University to complete the grading of the grounds on the west front of the northern group of university buildings.

—Mr. Gustavus King, of Raynham, Massachusetts, has found in the John Dean house an ancient deed written on parchment, which is 200 years old, being dated 1676. An old inkstand, with the name of Josiah Dean, 1731, was also found in the same house.

—In a breach of promise of marriage case tried recently at Liverpool, Baron Bramwell expresses an opinion that it would be a good thing in the majority of instances if actions of this kind were abolished, for men were goaded into marrying women whom they did not like, and then there were unhappy marriages.

—Lord Houghton, who is so much in demand in England on occasions where a good speaker is required, said recently, in reference to his visit to this country, that although at the present moment people in the United States were making a series of orations about English tyranny and English oppression, and all that sort of nonsense, he believed, as a nation, they held to us with a feeling of fraternal and filial regard. With regard to agriculture, he said that within the next fifty years America will have been reduced, notwithstanding its immense space, very much to the condition of the European countries in general; that was to say, she would have to recuperate by artificial means the natural wealth which was now being exhausted.

—Not long ago the Sultan borrowed 11,500,000 francs from the rich banker Xristaki on some jewels, of which it was desired to take photographs ere they were surrendered; but when the artist arrived with his apparatus, the guards took him for an assassin with an infernal machine, and it was all he could do to prove his innocence.

—In addition to the drinking fountain which is to be erected at Huntingdon in memory of his eldest son, killed last winter in a railway accident, Mr. Boucicault has undertaken to restore, at his own cost, the dilapidated buildings of the grammar school in which Oliver Cromwell was educated. The expense will be about $4500.

—Mr. Edmund Yates, in writing of the late Mr. Mortimer Collins, who is said to have died from overwork, says: "I am without particulars of the death of my old friend Mortimer Collins. It must have happened with but little warning, as he was a man of splendid *physique*, and I had a letter from him, full of his usual spirits, only a few days ago. He was an erratic and eccentric creature; intensely Bohemian save in his domestic relations, in which he was a model of constancy and kindness; genial, guileless, and lovable as a great Newfoundland dog; a man of good classical attainments and much quaint, ornithological, and botanical lore; and to my mind, save by one or two of the highest names, unsurpassed as a lyrist. He was my colleague in the early days of *Temple Bar*, where some of his prettiest songs appeared, and he was a frequent contributor to this journal. He died, it seems, at Richmond, within sight of that lovely river the charms of which he knew so well and sung so sweetly. In a pleasant discussion of English writers of the day with Longfellow in his charming house at Cambridge, Massachusetts, nearly four years ago, I was closely questioned by the veteran poet about Mortimer Collins, some of whose songs he had met with reproduced in American periodicals, and had read with great delight."

—General Tevfik, a Turkish officer who has been traveling in the United States, contributes an interesting article to the Providence *Journal* on the policy of his native country toward her dependencies. Of "Young Turkey" he says: "Nevertheless, with all the obstacles which Russia has known so well how to plant in the path of progress, the Turks of to-day, or, to borrow a Western expression, 'Young Turkey,' by no means despairs. She will unceasingly work for reforms which, though unpalatable to Russia, will be immeasurably beneficial to both Mussulmans and Christians. Such is the determination of young, or progressive, Turkey; and may, in God's will, the unhappy fate of Poland be averted from my country!"

—Dr. Schliemann has been compelled to postpone his excavations at the site of ancient Troy, on account of the hostility of the Pasha. He will for the present explore Tiryns, Mycenæ, and the Treasury of Minyas at Orchomenus.

—The London *Athenæum* says the copy of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, 1679, formerly belonging to Charles Lamb, and which was sold the other day at the sale of Colonel Cunningham's books, has been secured for the British Museum. It is the identical copy which was used by Lamb in making his selections for *Specimens of Early English Dramatic Poets*, with markings of the extracts and MS. corrections in his handwriting. Lamb mentions this volume in *Elia* ("Essay on Old China").

—Queen Isabella, when leaving Paris for Spain, sent $1000 to the Prefect of the Seine for the poor of the city.

—"Yes," said a distinguished French politician to a friend the other day, "I visit M. Thiers occasionally now, for he is troubled with bronchitis, and between two fits of coughing one can sometimes get in a word."

—Mr. William T. Adams, "Oliver Optic," recently met with a severe accident at his home in Dorchester, Massachusetts. He was standing upon a window-sill, reaching upward to close the window, when the screen to which he was holding for support gave way, and he fell to the floor. His spine was considerably injured, but his physicians do not believe that any permanent ill effect will result.

—The Michigan Republican Convention, recently held at Lansing, nominated for Superintendent of Public Instruction Hon. H. S. Tarbell, City Superintendent of Schools, of East Saginaw, Michigan. It is worthy of note that the nomination is made in answer to a resolution of the State Association of City Superintendents, strongly recommending Mr. Tarbell for the position. His election is reasonably sure, and the Superintendent secures the hearty co-operation of the leading educators of the State. With liberal views, and years of experience in educational matters, he no doubt will make an enviable record for the schools of Michigan.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, on the 14th ult., passed the Hawaiian Treaty Bill, by 29 to 12. The anti-sectarian school amendment was discussed by the Senate during the day and far into the night of the 14th. The amendment was defeated by a strict party vote of 28 to 16, or less than the required two-thirds. Both Houses, on the 14th, passed a bill for the appointment of a joint Congressional committee to prepare a suitable form of government for the District of Columbia, and report at the next session of Congress. The President sent a message to the House, on the 14th, objecting to certain items in the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, on the ground that they appropriated money for work of a purely private or local interest. "Under no circumstances," he declares, "will I allow expenditures not clearly national." The message was referred to the Committee on Commerce. On the 15th, both Houses passed the bill increasing the regular cavalry force by 2500 men for operations against the Indians. The House, by a party vote, adopted the report exonerating Proctor Knott in the matter of the Caldwell telegram. The joint resolution for a joint gold and silver commission was passed by both Houses on the 15th. Action on the Bland Silver Bill was defeated in the House on the 15th. Both Houses adjourned *sine die* at half past seven on the evening of the 15th. On the 15th, the President sent to the House a message criticising that section of the Consular and Diplomatic Bill which directs that notices shall be sent to certain diplomatic and consular officers of the government to close their offices. This the President regards as an invasion of the prerogatives of his office.—During the present session there were introduced in the House of Representatives 4105 bills and 164 joint resolutions, and in the Senate 1045 bills and 25 joint resolutions, making a total of 5150 bills and 189 joint resolutions. Of this number about 140 public acts, 130 private acts, 13 public joint resolutions, and 5 private resolutions have become laws. Among the important bills passed by the House this session, but which go over until next winter on the Senate's calendar, are the following: The Bounty Bill; the Steamboat Bill; the bill to reorganize the United States judiciary; to repeal the Bankrupt Law; for the further distribution of the Geneva award; to compel the Pacific Railroad Companies to create sinking funds for the repayment of their indebtedness to the government; declaring railroad land grants subject to State taxation; the House joint resolution to provide for the protection of the Texas frontier.

The entire business portion of the town of Westport, in this State, was burned on the night of August 15.

The following nominations for Governors have been made by State Conventions during the week: August 16—South Carolina Democrats, General Wade Hampton; Georgia Republicans, Jonathan Norcross; Arkansas Republicans, General A. W. Bishop; August 17—Kansas Republicans, Colonel G. T. Anthony. Mr. Finkelnburg, the Republican candidate for Governor of Missouri, declines to run.

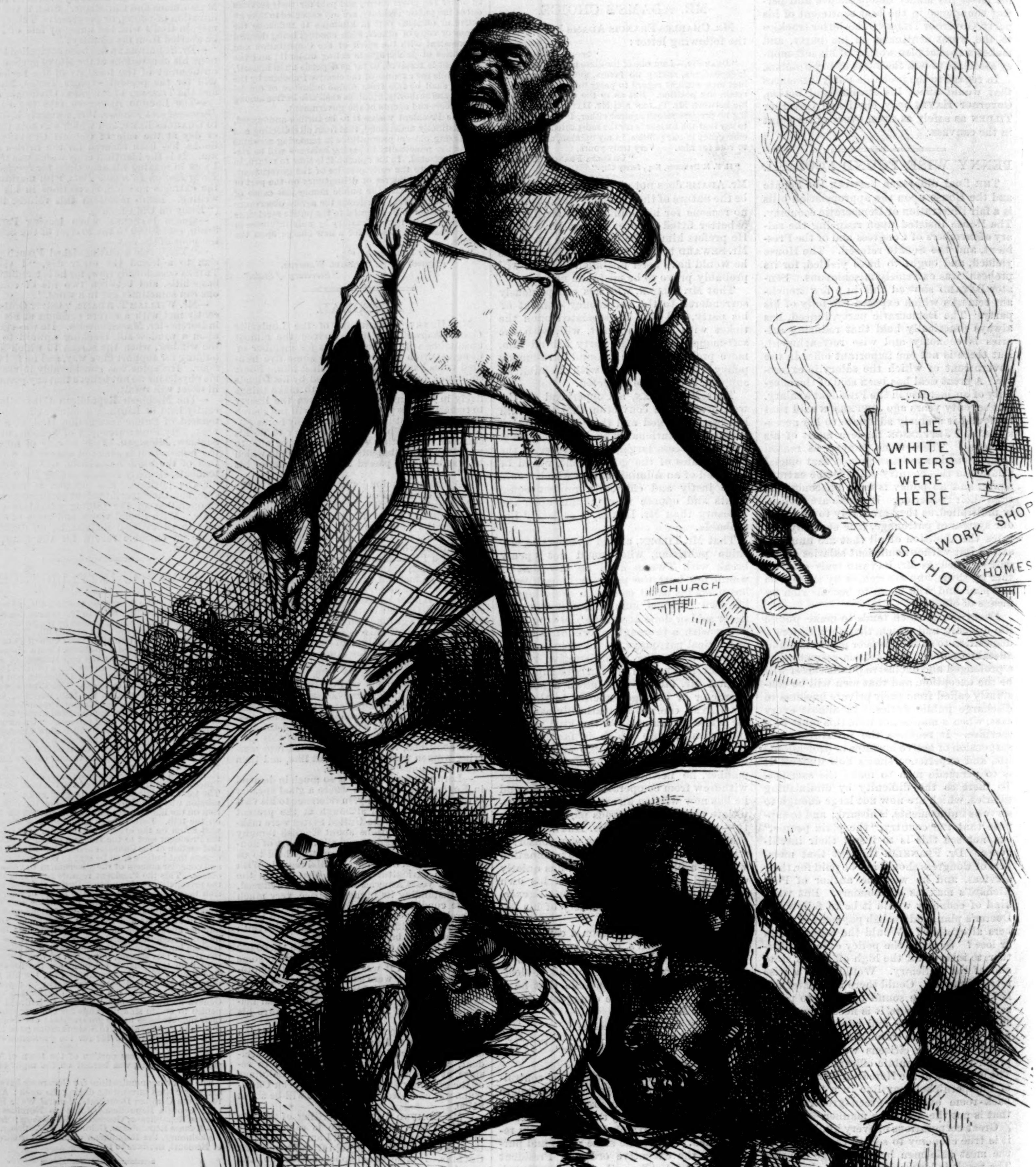
FOREIGN NEWS.

Official dispatches received at Belgrade state that on the 15th ult., 5000 Turks attacked Colonel Antitch's position, and after a severe fight of over six hours, the Turks were repulsed with great loss. The Turkish minister at Washington has received the following dispatch from his government, dated August 16: "A commission composed of several ministers and high functionaries, Mussulmans and Christians, has been established to elaborate a programme of reform according to the Imperial Hatt which was communicated to you by the dispatch of June 7."

The appointment of General Berthaut to be French Minister of War, *vice* General De Cissey, is officially published.

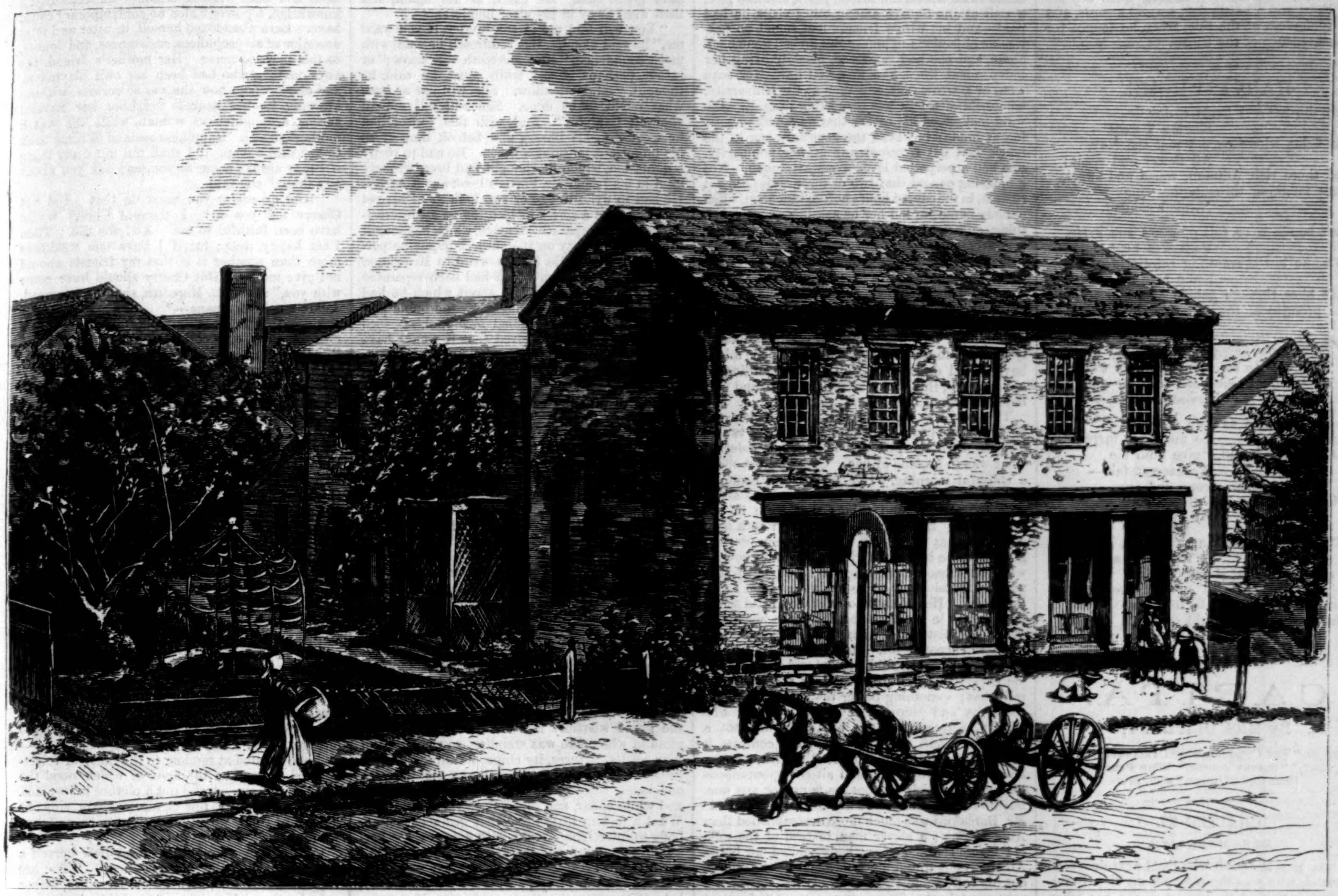
The Scottish National Memorial to the late Prince Consort was unveiled in Edinburgh August 17. The Queen performed the ceremony of inauguration.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 15th. The Queen in her Speech declares that her relations with all foreign powers are of a friendly character.


THE WHITE LINERS WERE HERE
WORK SHOP
SCHOOL
HOMES
CHURCH
Th. Nast

"IS *THIS* A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT? IS *THIS* PROTECTING LIFE, LIBERTY, OR PROPERTY? IS *THIS* THE EQUAL PROTECTION OF THE LAWS?"

MR. LAMAR (*Democrat, Mississippi*). "In the words of the inspired Poet, 'Thy Gentleness has made thee Great.'" [Did MR. LAMAR mean the Colored Race?]



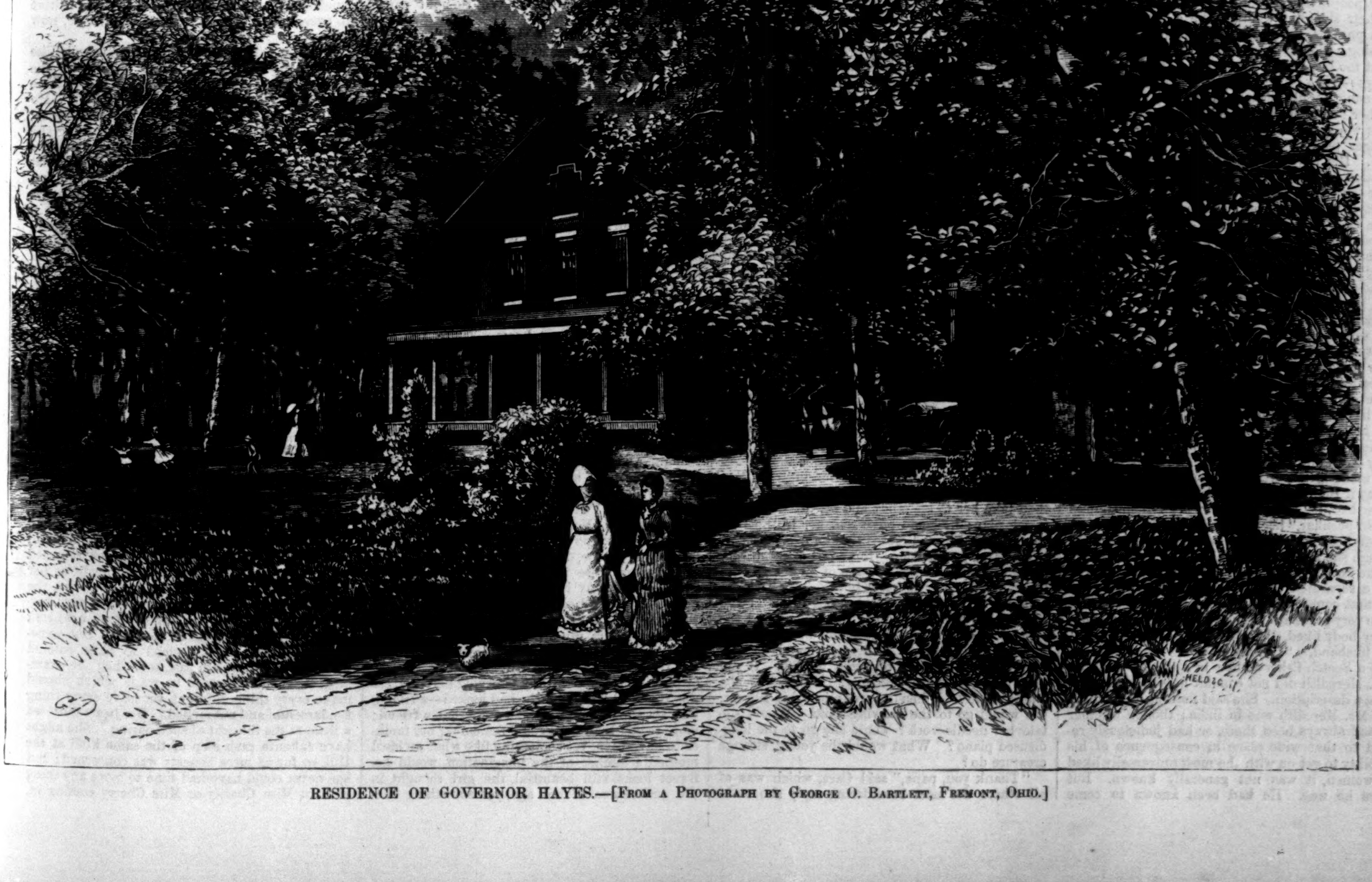
BIRTH-PLACE OF GOVERNOR HAYES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BEACH & BODURTHA, DELAWARE, OHIO.]

BIRTH-PLACE AND RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR HAYES.

THE upper engraving on this page shows the modest, old-fashioned house in the town of Delaware, Ohio, in which, on the 4th of October, 1822, the present Governor of Ohio was born. It is now occupied as a furniture warehouse, and the front has been changed to adapt it to business purposes. The house is of brick, weather-beaten and worn, and presents no claim to attention except from having been the birth-place of a man who has won an honorable record as a soldier, a patriot, and a statesman, and who, in all human probability, is destined to win greater renown as the next President of the United States.

The other engraving on this page presents a view of the present residence of Governor HAYES, in Fremont, a town in the northern part of Ohio. It is a pleasant, unpretending country-house, surrounded by a park comprising about seventy acres of ground laid out in the most attractive manner. A beautiful lawn extends in front of the house, the rest of the park being natural woodland, abounding in charming nooks, paths, and arbors. Among the latter is one which has been christened "Boffin's Bower;" it is a favorite resort of the family.

The house is furnished with a view to comfort, and to suit the requirements of a cultivated and quiet taste. The Governor's library and study are evidently working rooms. The former presents rather a bare appearance as to furniture, but the shelves on all the sides are filled from floor to ceiling with a well-selected collection of books, and many volumes lie scattered over the floor and tables. The study, where the Governor spends many hours of each day when at home, has much the same appearance. Some interesting relics of the Governor's war experience are



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR HAYES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE O. BARTLETT, FREMONT, OHIO.]

preserved at this house. Among them are his camp chest and a battle flag, several swords, and other reminders of the time when he fought for the maintenance of the Union.

HARVEST-HOME.

INTO the harvest fields to-day
Singing I went—
The fields where once I met the May,
All flower and scent;
And there rich Autumn, warm and sweet,
Went laughing through the windy wheat
In glad content.

Both hands were full of grass and grain,
Both feet kept time
To some low murmuring refrain,
Some breathing chime,
That blew through golden ears and leaves
The promise of the full ripe sheaves
In quaint old rhyme:

"*This is the happy harvest-time:*
Then cut the corn and press the wine;
Gather the sheaves, and load the wain,
And bring the 'Harvest-Home' again."

And I was glad as glad could be
To meet her there;
"O Queen!" I said, "give unto me
My harvest fair—
My splendid lover, strong and true,
Whose witching eyes of tender blue
My heart ensnare.

"The golden corn, the ruby wine,
Is not the best;
A richer 'Harvest-Home' is mine,
A sweeter quest.
Give me my lover! In his kiss
I have a rounded world of bliss:
Keep all the rest."

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. MEREDITH.

IT was Mrs. Meredith who lived next door—an old friend, who was the only person Mrs. Beresford had permitted to come and see her when she returned ill, and of whom Miss Cherry had felt with confidence that Cara would find a friend in her. She had lived there almost since ever Cara was born, with her two sons, boys a little older than Cara; a pretty, gentle woman, "not clever," her friends said—"silly," according to some critics, of whom poor Annie Beresford had been one—but very popular every where, and pleasant; a woman whom most people were glad to know. It would be hard to say exactly in what her charm lay. There were handsomer women than she to be met with by the score who were much less loved; and as for her mind, it scarcely counted at all in the estimate of her merits. But she was kind, sympathetic, sweet-mannered—affectionate and caressing when it was becoming to be so—smiling and friendly every where. Great talkers liked her, for she would listen to them as if she enjoyed it; and silent people liked her, for she did not look bored by their side, but would make a little play of little phrases, till they felt themselves actually amusing. She had very sweet liquid brown eyes—not too bright or penetrating, but sympathetic always—and a soft, pretty, white hand. She was not young, nor did she look younger than she was; but her sympathetics flowed so readily, and her looks were so friendly, that she belonged to the younger part of the world always by natural right. Her boys were her chief thought and occupation. One of them was six, one four, years older than Cara; so that Oswald was three-and-twenty and Edward on the eve of his majority when the girl arrived at her father's house. Mrs. Meredith's perpetual occupation with these boys, her happiness in their holiday times, her melancholy when they went to school, had kept her friends interested for a number of years. Men who breathed sighs of relief when the terrible period of the holidays came to an end, and their own school-boys were got rid of, put on soft looks of pity when they heard that Oswald and Edward were gone too; and mothers who were themselves too thankful that no drivings or shootings, not even a broken collar-bone or a sprained ankle, have marked the blissful vacations in their own house, half cried with Mrs. Meredith over the silence of hers "when the boys were away." They came and carried her off to family dinners, and made little parties to keep her from feeling it; as if there had been no boys in the world but those two. "For, you know, her circumstances are so peculiar," her friends said. The peculiarity of her circumstances consisted in this, that though she had lived alone for these fifteen years in the Square, she was not a widow—neither was she a separated or in any way disreputed wife. All that could be said was that the circumstances were very peculiar. She who was so sweet, whom every body liked, did not somehow "get on" with her husband. "'Abody likes me but my man," said a Scotch fisherwoman in a similar position. Mrs. Meredith did not commit herself even to so terse a description. She said nothing at all about it. Mr. Meredith was in India; though whether he had always been there, or had judiciously retired to that wide place in consequence of his inability to get on with the most universally liked of women, it was not generally known. But there he was. He had been known to come home twice within the fifteen years, and had paid a visit at the Square among other visits he had paid—and his wife's friends had found no particular objections to him. But he had gone back again, and she had remained, placidly living her independent life. She was well off. Her boys were at Harrow first, and then at the University, where Edward still was disporting himself. Oswald had ended his career that way, and was living at home; but even the grown-up son in the house had not removed any of her popularity. She had a perpetual levée every afternoon. Not a morning passed that two or three ladies did not rush in, in the sacred hours before luncheon, when nobody is out, to tell her or ask her about something, and the husbands would drop in on their way from business, from their offices or clubs, just for ten minutes before they went home. This was how her life was spent; and though sometimes she would speak of that life despondently, as one passed under a perpetual shadow, yet, in fact, it was a very pleasant, entertaining, genial life. To be sure, had she been passionately attached to the absent Mr. Meredith, she might have found drawbacks in it; but, according to appearances, this was scarcely the case, and perhaps never had been.

This lady was the first visitor Cara had in the Square. She came in next morning, about twelve o'clock, when the girl was languidly wondering what was to become of her. Cara had not spent a cheerful morning. Her father had come to breakfast, and had talked to her a little about ordinary matters, and things that were in the newspaper. He was as much puzzled as a man could be what to do with this seventeen-year-old girl whom he had sent for, as a matter of course, when he himself came home to settle, but whom now he found likely to be an interruption to all his habits. He did not know Cara, and was somehow uneasy in her presence, feeling in her a suspicion and distrust of himself which he could by no means account for. And Cara did not know him, except that she did distrust and suspect him, yet expected something from him, she could not tell what; something better than the talk about collisions and shipwrecks in the papers. She tried to respond, and the breakfast was not a sullen or silent meal. But what a contrast it was to the bright table at the Hill, with the windows open to the lawn, and all the spontaneous happy talk, which was not made up for any one, but flowed naturally, like the air they breathed! Mr. Beresford was much more accomplished than Aunt Cherry; a clever man, instead of the mild old maiden whom every body smiled at, but—All this went through Cara's mind as she poured out his coffee, and listened to his account of the new steamboat. There was a perfect ferment of thought going on in her brain while she sat opposite to him, saying yes and no, and now and then asking a question, by way of showing a little interest. She was asking herself how things would have been if her mother had lived; how they would have talked then: then whether they would have admitted her to any share in the talk, or kept her outside, as they had done when she was a child. All these questions were jostling each other in her mind, and misty scenes rising before her, one confusing and mixing up with the other—the same breakfast table as she remembered it of old, when the father and mother in their talk would sometimes not hear her questions, and sometimes say, "Don't tease, child," and sometimes bid her run away to the nursery; and as it might have been with her mother still sitting by, and herself a silent third person. Mr. Beresford had not a notion what the thoughts were which were going on under Cara's pretty hair, so smoothly wound about her head and shining in the autumn sunshine, and under the pretty dark blue morning dress, which "threw up," as Cherry meant it to do, the girl's whiteness and brightness. She could make him out to some degree, only putting more meaning in him than he was himself at all aware of, but he could not make out her. Did thought dwell at all in such well-shaped little heads, under hair so carefully coiled and twisted? He did not know, and could no more divine her than if she had been the Sphinx in person; but Cara, if she went wrong, did so by putting too much meaning into him.

When breakfast was over, he rose up, still holding his paper in his hand. "I am afraid you will feel the want of your usual occupations," he said. "Lessons are over for you, I suppose? It is very early to give up education. Are you reading any thing? You must let me know what you have been doing, and if I can help you."

How helpless he looked standing there, inspecting her; but he did not look so helpless as he felt. How was he, a man who had never done any of life's ordinary duties, to take the supervision of a girl into his hands? If she had been a boy, he might have sat her down by his side (the confusion of pronouns is inevitable) to work at Greek—a Greek play, for instance, which is always useful; but he supposed music and needle-work would be what she was thinking of. No; if she had been a boy, he would have done better than take her to his study and set her down to a Greek play; he could have sent her to the University, like Edward Meredith, like every properly educated young man. But a girl of seventeen, he had always understood, was of an age to take the control of her father's house—was "out"—a being to be taken into society, to sit at the head of his table (though rather young), and the idea of her requiring occupation or instruction between the moments of discharging these necessary duties had not occurred to him. It did now, however, quite suddenly. What was she going to do? When he went into his library, she would go to the drawing-room. Would she take her needle-work? would she go to the long-disused piano? What would the young, strange creature do?

"Thank you, papa," said Cara, which was of all others the most bewildering reply she could have given him. He gazed at her again, and then went away in his utter helplessness.

"You will find me in the library, if you want me," he said aloud. But in himself he said, with more confidence, "Mrs. Meredith will know;" or rather, perhaps, if the truth must be said, he thought, "*She* will know. She will see at once what ought to be done. She will tell me all about it to-night." And with this consolation he went into his library and betook himself to his important morning's work. He had to verify a quotation, which he thought had been wrongly used in his friend Mr. Fortis's book about Africa. He had to write to one or two Fellows of his pet Society about a series of lectures on an interesting point of comparative science, which he thought the great authority on the subject might be persuaded to give. He had to write to Mr. Simon Brown about a Titian which had been repainted and very much injured, and about which he had been asked to give his opinion by the noble proprietor of it, whom he had met on his return home. It will be perceived that it would have been a serious disadvantage to public interests had Mr. Beresford been required to withdraw his thoughts from such important matters, and occupy them with the education of an unremarkable girl.

And Cara went up stairs. She had already seen cook, who had kindly told her what she thought would be "very nice" for dinner, and had agreed humbly; but had not, perhaps, been quite so humble when cook entreated "Miss Cara dear," with the confidence of an old servant, not to be frightened, and assured her that she'd soon get to know her papa's ways.

When she got to the drawing-room, she went first to the windows and looked out, and thought that a few more plants in the balcony would be an advantage, and recollected how she used to play in the Square, and gave a sidelong glance at the railings of next door, wondering whether "the boys" were at home, and if they had changed. Then she came in, and went to the fire, and looked at herself and the big silent room behind her in the great mirror on the mantel-piece. Cara was not vain—it was not to see how she looked that she gazed wistfully into that reflection of the room in which she was standing, so rich and full with all its pictures, its china, its tapestries and decorations confronting her like a picture, with one lonely little girl in it, in a dark blue dress and white collar, and big, sad, strained blue eyes. What a forlorn little thing that girl seemed! nobody to interchange looks with even, except herself in the glass; and the room so crowded with still life, so destitute of any thing else: so rich, so warm, so beautiful, so poor, so destitute, so lonely! What was she to do with herself for the long, solitary day? She could not go out, unless she went with nurse, as she used to do when she was a child. She was an open-air girl, loving freedom, and had been used to roam about as she pleased in the sweet woods about the Hill. You may imagine how lost the poor child felt herself in those stony regions round the Square.

And it was just then that Mrs. Meredith arrived. She came in, rustling in her pretty rich silk gown, which was dark blue too, like Cara's. She came and took the girl into her kind arms and kissed her. "If I had known you were coming yesterday, I should have been here to receive you," she said; "my poor dear child, coming back all by yourself. Why did not Aunt Cherry come with you, to get you a little used to it before you were left alone?"

"We thought it best," said Cara, feeling all at once that she had brought the greatest part of her troubles on herself. "We thought papa would like it best."

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Meredith, giving her a kiss, and then shaking a pretty finger at her, "you must not begin by making a bugbear of papa. What he wishes is that you should be happy. Don't look sad, my darling. Ah, yes, I know it is a trial coming back here. It is a trial to me even," said Mrs. Meredith, looking round and drying her soft eyes, "to come into your poor mamma's room, and see every thing as she left it; and think what a trial it must be to *him*, Cara."

"He has never been here," said the girl, half melted, half resisting.

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Meredith. "Poor man! Oh, Cara, if it be hard for you, think what it is for him! You are only a child, and you have all your life before you, you dear young happy thing."

"I am not so very happy."

"For the moment, my darling; but wait a little; wait," said the kind woman, her eyes lighting up, "till the boys come home. There, you see what a foolish woman I am, Cara. I think every thing mends when the boys come home. I ought to say when Edward comes home, to be sure, for I have Oswald with me now. But Edward always was your friend; don't you remember? Oswald was older; and it makes a great difference somehow when they are men. A man and a boy are two different things; and it is the boy that I like the best. But I have been so calculating upon you, my dear. You must run in half a dozen times a day. You must send for me whenever you want me. You must walk with me when I go out. I have no daughter, Cara, and you have no mother. Come, darling, shall it be a bargain?"

The tears were in this sweet woman's eyes, whom every body loved. Perhaps she did not mean every word she said—who does? There was a general truth of feeling in it all that kept her right. Cara ran straight into her arms, and cried upon her shoulder. Perhaps because she was frightened and distrustful in other particulars of her life, she was utterly believing here. Here was the ideal for which she had looked—a friend, who yet should be something more than a friend; more tender than Cara could remember her mother to have been, yet something like what an ideal mother, a mother of the imagination, would be. Sweet looks, still beautiful, the girl thought in the enthusiasm of her age, yet something subdued and mild with experience—an authority, a knowledge, a power which no contemporary could have. Cara abandoned herself, in utter and total desertion of all prejudices, resistances, and doubts, to this new influence. Her mother's friend, the boys' mother, who had been her own playmates, and about whom now she was so curious, without knowing it—her nearest neighbor, her natural succor, a daughterless woman, while she was a motherless girl. Happiness seemed to come back to her with a leap. "I shall not mind any thing if I may always come to you, and ask you about any thing," she said.

"And *of course* you must do that. Did not Cherry tell you so? I thought Cherry would have been faithful to me. Ah! she did. Then I am happy, dear; for if I have one weakness more than another it is that my friends should not give me up. But Cherry should have come with you," said Mrs. Meredith, shaking her head.

"It was all for papa—"

"But that is what I find fault with—papa's only daughter, only child, thinking for a moment that her happiness was not what he wanted most."

Cara drooped her guilty head. She was guilty. Yes, she did not deny it, but probably this goddess-woman, this ideal aid and succor, did not know how little in the happier days had been thought of Cara. *She* had always thought of "the boys" first of all; but then Mr. Meredith—Cara had an odd sort of recollection somehow that Mr. Meredith was not first, and that perhaps this might account for the other differences. So she did not say any thing, but sat down on a stool at her new-old friend's feet, and felt that the strange, rich, beautiful room had become home.

"Now I never could do any thing like this," said Mrs. Meredith, looking round. "I am fond of china too; but I never know what is good and what is bad; and sometimes I will see your papa take down a bit which I think beautiful, and look at it with such a face. How is one to know," she said, laughing merrily, "if one is not clever? I got the book with all the marks in it, but, my dear child, I never recollect one of them; and then such quantities of pretty china is never marked at all. Ah, I can understand why he doesn't come here. I think I would make little changes, Cara. Take down that, for instance"—and she pointed at random to the range of velvet-covered shelves, on the apex of which stood the Buen Retiro cup—"and put a picture in its place. Confuse him by a few changes. Now stop: is he in? I think we might do it at once, and then we could have him up."

Cara shrank perceptibly. She drew herself a little away from the stranger's side. "You are frightened for him," cried Mrs. Meredith, with a soft laugh. "Now, Cara, Cara, this is exactly what I tell you must not be. You don't know how good and gentle he is. I can talk to him of any thing—even my servants, if I am in trouble with them; and every woman in London, who is not an angel, is in trouble with her servants from time to time. Last time my cook left me—Why, there is nothing," said Mrs. Meredith, reflectively, "of which I could not talk to your papa. He is kindness itself."

This was meant to be very re-assuring, but somehow it did not please Cara. A half resentment (not as distinct as that) came into her mind that her father, who surely belonged to her rather than to any other person on the face of the earth, should be thus explained to her and recommended. The feeling was natural, but painful, and somewhat absurd, for there could be no doubt that she did not know him, and apparently Mrs. Meredith did; and what she said was wise; only somehow it jarred upon Cara, who was sensitive all over, and felt every touch, now here, now there.

"Well, my dear, never mind, if you don't like it, for to-day; but the longer it is put off the more difficult it will be. Whatever is to be done ought to be done at once, I always think. He should not have taken a panic about this room; why should he? poor dear soul! every thing she loved ought to be dear to him. That would be my feeling. And, Cara dear, you might do a great deal. You might remove this superstition forever, for I do think it is superstition. However, if you wish me to say no more about it, I will hold my tongue. And now what shall we do today? Shall we go out after luncheon? As soon as you have given your papa his lunch, you shall put on your things, and I will call for you. My people never begin to come before four; and you shall come in with me and see them. That will amuse you, for there are all sorts of people. And your papa and you are going to dine with us. I told him last night you must come. You will see Oswald and renew your acquaintance with him, and we can talk. Oswald is very good-looking, Cara. Do you remember him? Fine dark hair and dark eyes; but I wish he had always remained a boy. Of course that is not possible, Cara," she said, shaking her head with a sigh. "Now I must run away, and get through my morning's work. No, don't disturb your papa; evening is his time. I shall see him in the evening. But be sure you are ready to go out at half past two."

How little time there seemed to be for moping or thinking after this visit! Cara made a rapid survey of the drawing-room when she returned to it, to see what changes could be made, as her friend suggested. She would not have had the courage to do any such thing, had it not been suggested to her. It was her father's room, not hers; and what right had she to meddle? But somehow a different light seemed to have entered with her visitor. Cara saw, too, when she examined, that changes could be made which should make every thing different, yet leave every thing fundamental and untouched. Her heart fluttered a little at the thought of such daring. She might have taken a rash step of the same kind at the Hill, so far as mere honesty was concerned; but she never could have had time to move any thing without Miss Charity or Miss Cherry coming in, in the constant cheery intercourse of the house. But for these changes she would have abundant time. No one would come to inspect while her re-arrangements were going on. But there was no time to think of them now. The day was busy and full. She came down stairs for luncheon with her bonnet on, that she might not be too late. "I am going out with Mrs. Meredith," she said to her father, in explanation of her out-of-door costume.

"Ah, that is right," he said. "And we are to dine there this evening." Even he looked brighter and more genial when he said this. And the languid day had grown warm and bright, full of occupations and interest, even of luxury; for to keep Mrs. Meredith *waiting*—to be too late—that would never do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. TILDEN'S FRIENDS AS RIOTERS, 1863.

IT was upon the ultramontane population of New York that the indiscreet utterances of the Democratic leaders in Congress or in their public and private meetings produced their most dangerous effect, and roused them to a sudden act of rebellion, which, had it been successful, would have shaken to its centre the shattered republic. Could an armed body of insurgents have held even for a few days the command of the metropolis, they might have plundered it of its wealth or burned it to the ground. And it was this disaster that had nearly fallen upon us from the draft riots of 1863. Incited by the violent language of the Democratic leaders, encouraged by their imprudent policy, ignorant, barbarous, cruel, the Irish immigrants had been stirred by the emissaries of rebellion to an insane rage against the national government; they were prepared for riot, filled with insubordination. On one occasion, long before the draft was begun, they had been seen gathered in crowds before their homes, murmuring against their rulers, threatening violence. For a time they were restrained by their leaders; but when at last the drafting was actually begun, when nearly all the forces of the nation were hurrying to Gettysburg, and only a small body of troops could be found in the ungarrisoned city, the ultramontanes rose with a fatal unanimity. So sudden and unlooked-for was the riot that New York awoke one morning to find itself in the hands of an enemy. Those who saw that troubled period, so full of doubt and terror, will remember the strange sensations with which they passed streets deserted by all save bands of plunderers; by houses, banks, and shops barred and guarded; beside the blazing ruins of fine buildings and the wrecks of stately manufactories; in the midst of fierce mobs who chased unfortunate colored men whenever they saw them, and hanged them ruthlessly to the nearest lamp post; through a forlorn and terrified city whose officials and chief rulers were believed to be in sympathy with the rioters and with rebellion, and who had been placed in power by the same wild mob that was now bent upon the ruin and plunder of New York. If the men who incite disorder are more guilty than even their blind adherents, it is to Messrs. KERNAN, the two WOODS, BROOKS, COX, TILDEN, and SEYMOUR that the nation owes this peril, from which it was only saved by a Republican police and a few United States soldiers.

On the morning of the 13th of July, 1863, no city could have been worse prepared for a sudden attack than was New York; and if we admit the theory of premeditation and of a well-concerted conspiracy, no moment could have been chosen more favorable for its foes. The swift, desperate, and brilliant movement of LEE toward Philadelphia had summoned away all the militia of the city. A barbarous inroad was to be met on the banks of the Delaware and the Potomac. The only protection of the metropolis was its police. But between the Governor of the State, SEYMOUR, and the Police Commissioners a violent dispute existed, and the Governor had ordered their removal—would hold no communications with them. The Mayor, OPDYKE, was loyal; the Common Council doubtful, and timid even to cowardice. The uncultivated Irish ruled in the elections, and to them Governor SEYMOUR owed his place and power. If, as is reported, he called the rioters his "friends," it was only a proper recognition of their services. On the morning of Monday, the 13th, they rose in a vast multitude in the upper wards of the city, and came sweeping down the avenues in a resistless tide that seemed to meet no impediment. Every moment the concourse grew in strength. It was noticed by an observer to be twenty minutes in passing a single point, and reached from side to side of the street. The vast crowd set fire to the drafting places, beat back the police, and nearly killed its Superintendent, KENNEDY. They chased him, half dead with wounds and bruises, through the streets; he leaped into a pond near Forty-seventh Street, and escaped to do good service in the later part of the affray. All that day the mob, composed chiefly of the Irish, ruled the city. They drove back and dispersed the Invalid Corps; they set fire to great blocks of buildings; they murdered harmless negroes; and on Monday night, except where the police and the few soldiers kept guard, or private buildings were protected by their owners, New York lay at the mercy of the insurgents, blazed with incendiary fires, and saw murder and rapine prevail in all its quarters.

The next morning, Tuesday, the rioters proceeded in a more regular manner; as if to secure their conquest they tore up the railroad tracks, and cut off all communication with the country. They seemed resolved to hold New York island, and had LEE been able to spare them a few troops and officers, might have beaten off the returning soldiers. They had supplied themselves with arms. They were mad with rapine and bloodshed. The secret dens of the secluded streets were filled with rich plunder, and in every part of the city might be seen the bodies of hapless negroes swinging from lamp posts, or lying bruised and mangled on the public way. The irrational hatred of the Irish for the harmless colored people was shown in acts of unparalleled barbarity. They murdered a lame son in the arms of his mother. "Save my mother," he cried, "if you kill me." Two ruffians seized him, a third struck him on the head with a heavy iron bar. Colored men chased by the mob plunged into the river, and sometimes saved themselves by swimming. Women and children were treated with equal severity. Often three or four negroes were found hanging together. Wild Irishmen were seen dancing around the corpses of their victims. A great number of houses occupied by colored people were sacked or burned. The Colored Orphan Asylum was burned to the ground. Its troop of children, often too young to know their danger, were moved in a sad procession, guarded by the police, to the river-side, and carried to a safe retreat. Robbery went on unchecked in all our streets. The fine mansions on the avenues were laid under contribution. The blaze of a succession of fires terrified the city, civil war raged in its midst, and the second day of the riot seemed more disastrous than the first.

It was to the United States soldiers and General BROWN, the commander of the troops in the harbor, that the rescue of the city was chiefly due.* Governor SEYMOUR had appeared early on the scene, had issued a strong proclamation, had made his memorable speech, but could do no more. He would hold no communication officially with the Police Commissioners he had striven to depose; it was well known that his sympathies were not with the national cause. The brave ACTON, the head of the Commission, and his admirable police did all that their strength and numbers allowed to save the city; they fought successfully against immense odds, and clove the vast multitude of rioters like a fiery torrent. But it was not until General BROWN and his well-trained soldiers came into action that the insurgents were made to feel that they had failed. The whole city was now in insurrection; the telegraph told of riot, murder, and devastation from the Park to Harlem River, and the seven hundred regulars, aided by the police, patrolled the island with incessant activity. They attacked the rioters on the east side, swept them away with cannon, pursued them into the houses, and flung them headlong from tall roofs upon the pavement below. In the Eighth Avenue a strong barricade had been formed between Thirty-seventh and Forty-third streets by lashing together carts, wagons, and telegraph poles with the telegraph wires. The side streets were also fortified. Against this strong position a detachment of regulars marched, aided by the police; they covered its defenders with a rapid fire of musketry, tore away barricade after barricade, and shot down the wild marauders as they fled madly along the streets. On Wednesday the fighting was renewed. On Thursday General PUTNAM, with the regulars, won a real but bloody victory over the rioters on East Twenty-ninth Street. Yet the struggle was now over; the various city regiments began to return from Gettysburg or Philadelphia; and the wild, fierce mob of Irish, who had been roused into fury by the arts of the Democratic leaders, were crushed into submission. The Germans, when the danger was at its height, sent word to the authorities that they would take care of their own section of the city and preserve the public peace.

By the Irish citizens of New York this unhappy episode can never be remembered without shame. But it must be said in palliation of their crime that they were ignorant, violent, untaught in the plainer rules of civilization, that they had been excited to madness by the imprudent suggestions of their Democratic leaders, and by violent appeals against abolitionists and Republicans. The Democratic meetings throughout the autumn of 1862 had been filled with the class of persons who led the riots and robbed the city. SEYMOUR, KERNAN, COX, and WOOD had never grown weary of denouncing the draft and defending the existence of slavery. These topics were the chief staple of every Democratic speech. Nor had the priest been more cautious. Always the leader of a compact Roman Catholic party, Archbishop HUGHES openly expressed his condemnation of the draft in the midst of the flames of New York and the peril of the nation. The *Tribune* had suggested that he was in favor of a draft. In reply the archbishop pronounced the statement "a malignant lie." In a long and singularly Jesuitical letter he labored to show that he had been misunderstood, that he meant something else, or nothing at all; but no one could read that wary and verbose production without seeing where lay his sympathies and those of all his ultramontane party. They were not with the republic. He closed, however, his long letter with an appeal to all Roman Catholics to cease from unlawful proceedings and keep the peace. With one voice he incited to rebellion, with another he feebly inculcated submission. And the whole ultramontane press followed his example, and excused the violence it had labored to arouse.

Such in 1863 was the savage rage of that party in New York which must be hereafter known as the ultramontane, which has sedulously followed the guidance of MR. TILDEN and his friends, to whose support he owes all his political advancement, and from whose aid he hopes to win the control of the nation. The rioters who sacked and burned the city were nearly all Roman Catholics, and all Democrats. When they rose in rebellion, they only carried to an extreme those suggestions which they had so often heard from the lips of HENDRICKS, COX, WOOD, or TILDEN. In their irrational hatred for the colored race they only anticipated the fearful deeds of the Ku-Klux Democracy. But every intelligent and patriotic Irishman and Roman Catholic, while he blushes for the mad violence of his countrymen, should labor to win them back to honesty and reason, should teach them to make reparation to the republic and the free institutions they have so often striven to overthrow. If in 1863 they were made the tools of the rebellion, if in 1868 they were the chief agents in the plunder of New York, let them in 1876 show their sincere penitence by becoming in heart and principle Americans. Let them leave forever their corrupt Democratic leaders and the murderous Ku-Klux of the South. Let them join the great party of education, progress, humanity, reform. In this way alone can Irishmen redeem their race from a lasting degradation, and win an honorable renown in every land. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Sunday,	3.	—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	10.	—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	17.	—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	21.	—St. Matthew.
Sunday,	24.	—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.	—St. Michael and All Angels.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	1.	—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	8.	—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.	—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	18.	—St. Luke.
Sunday,	22.	—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	28.	—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday,	29.	—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

A FEW days before the vote on the school amendment to the national Constitution was taken in the Senate, at Washington, Archbishop PURCELL issued an address "to the people of the United States." In this he declares that the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the public schools has been misrepresented. He asserts (1) that the Catholic bishops and clergy have no intention whatever to interfere with the public-school system; (2) that Catholics claim only the right to have schools of their own in which their religion may be taught; (3) that Catholics ask no more than the protection of the government, so that they may not be molested in their schools; (4) *that Catholics waive the claim of exemption from taxation for the support of other schools than their own.*

The bishop adds that they who assert the opposition of the Catholic clergy to the public schools of the country are Don Quixotes who fight with windmills. This address appears in the *Catholic Telegraph*, which is edited by the Very Rev. EDWARD PURCELL and the Rev. J. T. CALLAGHAN. At the head of the editorial column appears the announcement: "The *Catholic Telegraph* is our official organ—AUGUSTINE M., Bishop of Covington." This official organ, edited by a Catholic clergyman, has said: "The present system of public schools brands Catholic faith as a crime, and the American state punishes it yearly by fines equal in amount to the sum which Catholics are compelled to expend, after the payment of school tax, upon the education of their children. The American school law is a general enactment against the Catholic religion, originating and perpetuated in the same spirit that has driven the educating orders of the Church from the soil of Germany."

Can it be said that there is shown here no hostility to our public schools? We turn now to an episcopal expression of opinion. Bishop M'QUAID was invited last winter to present the Catholic view of the common-school system in a lecture to the people of Boston. He did so fully, and in the lecture said: "We charge upon the system of State schools, as now carried on in these United States, the perpetuation of manifold injustice, and the upholding of false principles: (1) It is an infringement of parental rights and duties; (2) it cruelly oppresses poorer citizens; (3) the State does not know what its system should be; (4) it is narrow, contracted, and limited in its scope; (5) it stultifies itself; (6) it establishes a monopoly of business best left to individual enterprise and the immediate control of parents."

Shall we say that Archbishop PURCELL is insincere in his declaration, or that he is forgetful? It is difficult to make for him the apology of forgetfulness, for he must see the *Catholic Telegraph* every week, and a more virulent opponent of our public schools the country does not hold. Nor can he have failed to notice that Bishop M'QUAID spoke in Boston as the representative of his Church. What must the country think of such double-dealing? If the Catholic bishops and clergy ask only that they may establish their own schools in peace, why are they so industriously engaged in undermining the public-school system?

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will hold its annual meeting for 1876 in Hartford, from Tuesday, October 3, to Friday, October 6. The Rev. Dr. W. M. TAYLOR, of this city, will preach the opening sermon. The annual meetings of this Board are usually attended by many hundreds of members, and are characterized by great dignity and thorough discussion of the interests of Christian missions. The Board was founded in 1810, and chartered by the State of Massachusetts in 1812. The first session was held at Farmington, Connecticut, in Dr. PORTER'S home. Governor TREADWELL, of that State, was the first president.

The merchants' and business men's daily prayer-meeting, held in the Rialto Building, Baltimore, has already been described in this Intelligence. The attendance has for months averaged one hundred and fifty persons. The room heretofore occupied by the meeting has been furnished, free of charge, by the trustees of the JOHNS HOPKINS estate. This having been recently rented, the trustees have tendered another room in the Commercial Buildings, on the corner of Gay and Lombard streets. On the 14th of August the new meeting place was opened with appropriate services and a good attendance of worshipers, among whom were several captains of foreign vessels.

Authentic information in relation to the condition of the Chinese in America and their moral progress is very much needed. The Rev. O. GIBSON, of the Methodist Mission in California, is about to issue a work which will treat of the habits of the Chinese on the Pacific coast and the prospect of their Christianization. Mr. GIBSON has spent many years among them, both in China and the United States, and has a large store of facts in his possession in relation to the subject.

The struggle between the liberal and the conservative or Church party has broken out afresh in Cauca, one of the States of the republic of Colombia. Cauca is a large State, having 260,000 square miles of area, but a population not exceeding 500,000. The troubles have existed since 1872, when the liberals were led by the ex-President, General MOSQUERA. In the present struggle the Catholics are in rebellion against the State. Several engagements have taken place, with varying success. The government of the republic has forwarded arms to the civil authorities of Cauca.

At the session of the Germany and Switzerland Methodist Episcopal Conference, held at Zurich, July 19-25, the communicants were reported to be 10,224, an increase of 605. There was an increase during the year of nine churches, five parsonages, thirty-nine Sunday-schools, 154 officers and teachers, and 960 scholars. A petition to the Missionary Board in New York was adopted, asking permission to remove the publishing house from Bremen to Stuttgart.

There are in Connecticut 295 Congregational churches, all of them orthodox in faith. Thirty-six were established in the seventeenth century, and twenty-one are over 200 years old. Fifteen are 175 years old, forty-six are 150 years old, and 182 have existed 100 years. The oldest church is that of Windsor, which was organized in 1630. The first church of Hartford was organized in 1636; the first of New Haven in 1639. These venerable churches are still organized bodies.

The Senate school amendment to the national Constitution was lost during the closing hours of the session of Congress. The majority in its favor did not reach the required two-thirds. The vote was—yeas, 28; nays, 16. There was an entire disagreement between the two Houses as to the terms of the amendment. The numerous drafts offered by Senators indicated, also, that they were far from being harmonious in regard to the language to be employed. The House amendment contained the clause: "This article shall not vest, enlarge, or diminish legislative power in Congress." The Senate amendment contained a section declaring that "Congress shall have power by appropriate legislation to provide for the prevention and punishment of violations of this article." The subject goes over, therefore, to the next session, for it is not supposable that the people will let it drop.

The proposed compromise of the disagreements of the orthodox and liberal parties in the Reformed Church of France has failed, the orthodox refusing, at the last hour, to concur. The plan of composition was that both parties should remain in the Church with equal rights, the liberals making certain concessions to their opponents. The *Évangéliste* expresses the opinion that hereafter compromises will be impossible.

In furnishing a reason of the change of the title of the Reformed Dutch Church to that of the Reformed Church in America, the *Christian Intelligencer*, of this city, does not touch upon one difficulty thereby created. The new title does not distinguish this body very clearly from the "Reformed Church of the United States," which is the new name of the German Reformed communion. Only those who are very familiar with recent ecclesiastical history in the country can distinguish these two Churches by their present titles.

The interchanges of fraternal courtesy between the late Methodist Episcopal General Conference and the delegates of the Southern Methodist Church have been followed by practical manifestations of friendliness on both sides. A presiding elder in Missouri of the one Church has invited a presiding elder and preachers of the other to co-operate with him in carrying on camp-meetings, and the invitation has been heartily accepted.

The union frequently proposed of Congregational and Presbyterian churches, under certain circumstances, has had an illustration in Portland, Maine. Two societies, one Congregational, the other Presbyterian, which had for ten months been worshiping together, decided to become one. The new organization is Congregational.

A correspondent of the English *Independent* tells a strange story of a death in Foochow, China, resembling in its incidents the Hindoo suttee. "A girl of seventeen was left a widow. Her friends wished her to contract a second marriage, but she resisted, and declared her purpose to die publicly, that she might meet her late husband in the happier and brighter world. Richly dressed as a goddess worshiped throughout the Fo-kien province, she was carried to her death in an open sedan-chair, covered with red cloth. About 7000 persons witnessed her death, a large number of whom were dressed as at national festivals. Opposite a temple a platform was erected, with a sort of gallows over it, covered with red cloth, from the cross-bar of which a cord hung down toward the seat prepared for the youthful widow. After some idolatrous rites, she ascended to the seat amidst the cheers of the people. Then bowing to the crowd, she called out, 'Heaven and earth and my friends, I rejoice to die in this manner.' She then thrust her head through the loop in the cord, and her face being covered with a red cloth, she jumped from her seat, and died immediately." This widow belonged to a wealthy family.

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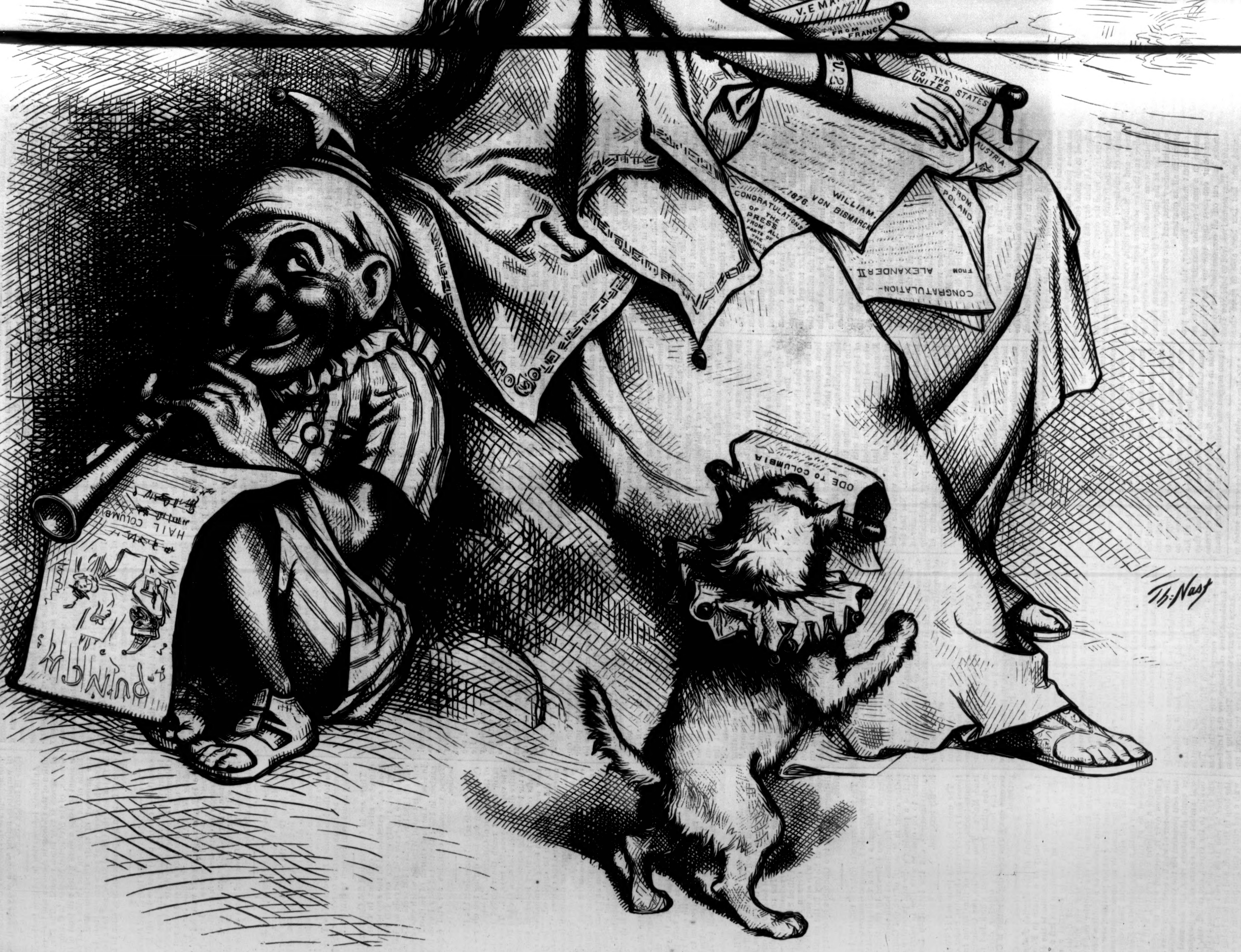
* MR. KERNAN, with a strange inaccuracy, stated to the Senate in a recent debate that the New York riots of 1863 had been subdued without the aid of the United States soldiery. The truth is the exact opposite.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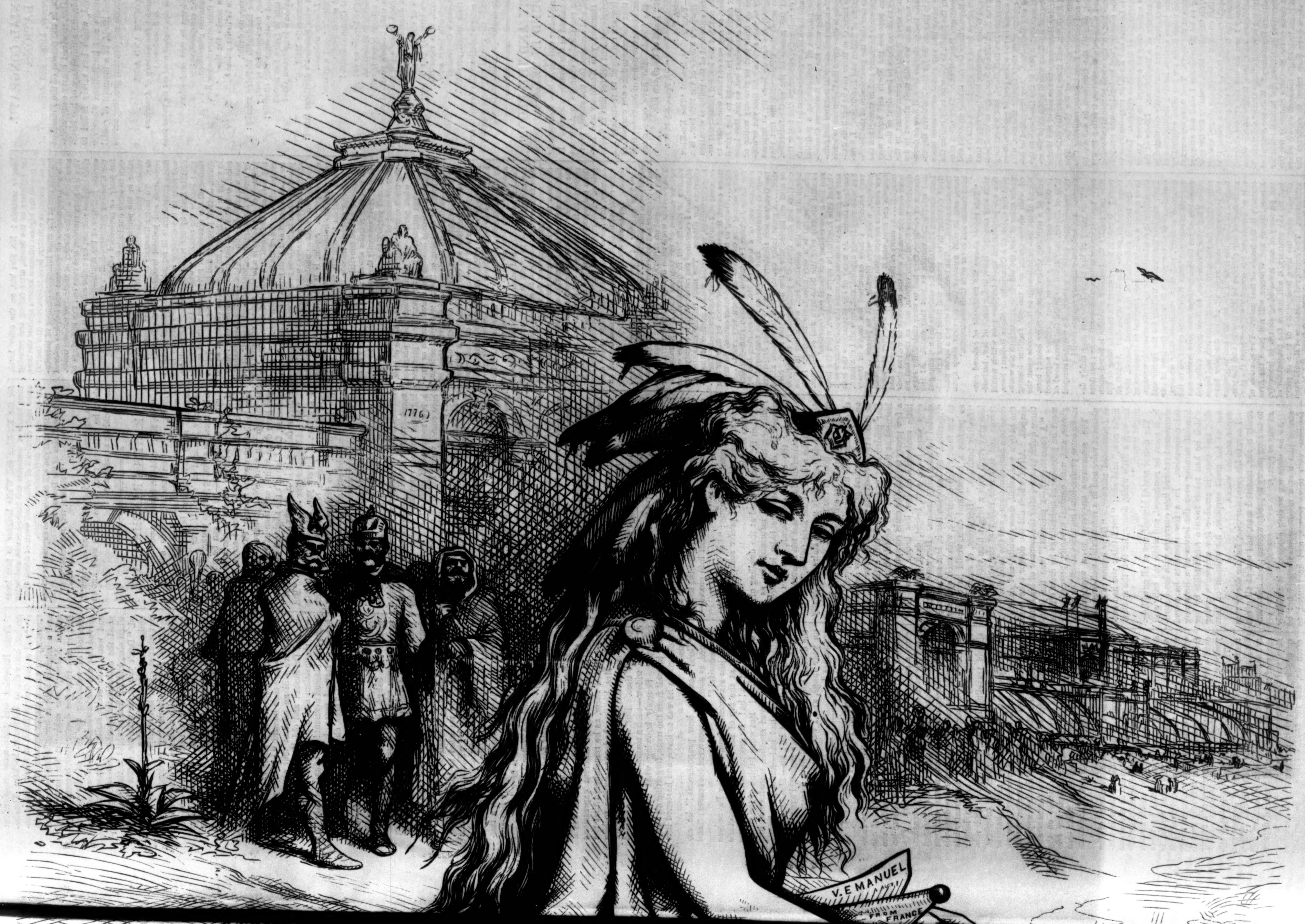
Columbia (*receiving congratulations from all parts of the world*). "And *this* from *Punch*."—[See Article, "Centennial Congratulations," Page 718.]


1776
V. E MANUEL
FROM
FRANCE

CENTENNIAL CONGRATULATIONS.

FROM the emperors, kings, and democrats of Europe, Columbia, in the person of the President of the United States, received hearty congratulations on the hundredth anniversary of her birthday. Even *Punch*, which has rarely failed to satirize our manners and institutions whenever occasion presented itself, in a moment of genial fervor, sent the following pleasant greeting across the Atlantic:

YOUTH AND AGE.

(On the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence.)

"We have to confess that England is old and the United States young."—*Times.*

Punch sees no harm in that confession.
  Age is a thing comparative:
In History's immense procession
  Some realms than others longer live.
What diagnosis marks the time
When any State is in its prime?

America is young, no doubt,
  And keeps her hundredth birthday merrily:
Her cannon roar, her speakers spout,
  Her toasts and sentiments ring cheerily;
And how tall talk in fyttes has flowed
In BAYARD TAYLOR'S long-drawn Ode!

Hail we the democratic Maid
  Self-crowned with Freedom's deathless laurel:
Nor her large Liberty upbraid,
  Because its winning cost a quarrel.
Prosperity and social health
To the colossal Commonwealth!

Yet is Old England quite so old
  As the Chronologer maintains,
Whose oldest, noblest blood is rolled
  Through the wide Union's youthful veins?
In all things good beneath the sun
John Bull and Jonathan are one.

Long centuries of stately life
  Are England's birthday gift to her:
Columbia's youth, with vigor rife,
  Is felt in England's heart astir.
In Young America's Centennial
Old England feels herself perennial.

To all these congratulations the favorite artist of Columbia sends the genial response which will be found in our double-page illustration.

SLAVERY AND THE BLOOD-HOUND IN TEXAS.

THE following letter will show how Democratic majorities are gained in the Southern States. It will explain the remarkable changes in Alabama and Mississippi, and account for the steady prevalence of the Democracy in Kentucky and Tennessee. Our correspondent relates that in Texas the courts of law are employed to re-enslave the colored race; that the plantations are worked, as of old, by slaves, under the name of convicts; that the lash and the blood-hound have once more become common traits of Southern life.

"——, TEXAS, *July* 30, 1876.

"*Eugene Lawrence, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR,—Your article, headed 'The Ku-Klux Democracy,' in *Harper's Weekly* of the 15th inst., is a clear and truthful statement of the political situation here, and I have watched the leading Democratic organs to see if they, or any one of them, would dare to contradict your declarations in regard to the brutal deeds of the Ku-Klux assassins; but, so far, they have found it unwise on their part to give any notice or further publicity to your article. All that you or other Northern Republicans can do is to try to impress the people who saved the Union with the fact that the leaders and the masses of the ex-Confederates, either directly or indirectly, encourage and foster the White League and Ku-Klux organizations in the South for the express purpose of maintaining a political South corresponding with the late Southern Confederacy in all of its main and essential features and principles. If the people who saved the Union can be made to realize these facts, then there can be but little danger of the election of Tilden and Hendricks. I, however, sometimes fear that the great desire of the Northern people to promote harmony and to strengthen the bonds of union between the North and South may have a tendency to cause them to lose sight of the real issues, and once more trust the government to the control of the very men who did their utmost to destroy it, and who to-day cherish no real love or devotion for it. It is impossible for any Northern Republican who has never had any actual experience since the rebellion in the South, to know or fully realize the situation of Southern Republicans. They often censure Southern Republicans for not taking up arms and defending themselves from the murderous attacks of the Ku-Klux and White Leaguers, but they forget that nine-tenths of the Republicans South are colored people, who are unarmed, undisciplined, and whose long subjection as slaves to the white people renders them incapable of coping with their former masters, who are well armed and disciplined. Any organized or determined resistance on the part of the freedmen to the White Leaguers and Ku-Klux would bring all of the so-called conservative Democracy to the aid of the White Leaguers and Ku-Klux, and thus insure the extermination or complete subjugation of the blacks. The leading white and colored Republicans, realizing this deplorable fact, counsel the freedmen to submit to these retail and wholesale massacres, trusting to the justice and conscience of the whole people in enforcing the laws of the country, and by legal means compelling the White League and Ku-Klux organizations to cease their butcheries of defenseless citizens. Democratic organs either deny or attempt to cover up or excuse every murder of a Republican. Libels of the most infamous character are continually circulated in the Democratic press against leading Republicans of the South, and these libels are too often credited by the Republicans of the North. That there are corrupt men claiming to be Republicans I shall not attempt to deny; but, on the other hand, granting for the sake of argument that one-half of the crimes alleged against Southern Republicans are true, even then would that justify or excuse the butcheries of the colored people by the Democracy? and do not the crimes charged against Republicans sink into insignificance when compared with the horrible crimes almost daily enacted by the Southern Democracy? With the control of all of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of all except three of the Southern States by the Democracy, can there be a single instance shown where any earnest steps have been taken to suppress the crimes of the Ku-Klux? Can a single instance be pointed out to show that the Democratic judiciary of the South have indicted and vigorously prosecuted or brought to punishment a single Ku-Klux or White League assassin? No, Sir; but, on the other hand, the judiciary of the South, after failing and refusing to punish the highest offenses known against the laws of our common country, have themselves (the courts) become one of the most infamous engines of persecution and oppression of ignorant and helpless colored men known in the history of ancient or modern times. The Ku-Klux murder, and thus end the sufferings of their helpless victims; but under color of law, the Democratic judiciary of the South—more correctly styled the Ku-Klux judiciary—indict, convict, and sentence, for petty or pretended offenses, hundreds of colored men to serve out long terms of imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiaries of the States, where they undergo punishments and terrible sufferings day by day. To better illustrate the spirit that actuates the legislative and judicial branches of the Democratic State governments in regard to the colored people, I will refer to the changes made in the statutory laws of this State by our recent Democratic Legislatures, viz.: Before the rebellion, when the Democracy controlled all the branches of government without opposition, theft of property had to be over twenty dollars in value to be a felony, and any adult citizen of sound mind, and who had not been convicted of a felony, was a qualified juror. All of this has been changed by recent Democratic legislation, and now theft of property of any value is a felony, and no one who can not *read and write well* is a qualified juror. This excludes nine-tenths of the colored men from jury service; hence grand and petit juries will be mainly composed of white men, whose prejudices and animosities against the freedmen are so notoriously self-evident that they will not indict or punish white men who murder colored people. Again, is it at all improbable that men who glory in bloody massacres of helpless negroes would hesitate to commit perjury before grand and petit juries of their friends and associates to secure the indictment and conviction of negroes whom political or other reasons should make it necessary to be rid of? Most assuredly they would not think it wrong to commit perjury to secure the conviction and disfranchisement of freedmen, for political purposes, if they think murder is right to secure the same objects. But when perjury will even answer such purposes better than murder, is it not reasonable to presume that perjury would become the more common or popular mode of disposing of the unfortunate freedmen, or of reducing them to slavery and depriving them of all political rights? Any one once convicted of a felony is disfranchised, and can not testify as a witness in any of the courts of the country. He can not vote; and if he is beaten, robbed, or any other wrong done him, he has no redress unless he can establish or prove by other competent testimony the facts of such grievances, etc. So here we have shown the motives that induce the Ku-Klux and other inexorable enemies of the colored people to resort to less dangerous modes than murder to reduce them to serfdom, and to wreak summary vengeance upon them for their fidelity and devotion to the Republican party. To further show that this method of persecution and plan of reducing the freedmen to slavery is becoming more general and gigantic in its purposes, I will refer to extracts taken from the report of one of the inspectors of our State-prison. This report was made to Governor Coke last January, and the cruelties and sufferings of the convicts referred to in it have been confirmed beyond all doubt. Let us see what it says:

"'The number of convicts received will average eighty-one per month.... There are 1280 convicts hired out to planters and railway contractors. Nearly all convicts employed on farms and railroads are negroes.... The convicts work from daylight until dark.... Their rations consist of the coarsest diet, and in many instances is insufficient in quantity.... At one of the plantations I examined the rations sent to twenty-four convicts for dinner. The meat rations consisted of hog chitterlings, or entrails, with a portion of the excrement still on them, and only half cooked. The rations could, if good, have been eaten by four or five men.... Owing to bad food and other causes, the mortality among the convicts has been very great.... At the Lake Jackson Plantation I found sixty-five sick convicts out of a force of 185. These men had no medical attention. Out of 200 convicts employed on the Overton and Henderson road, I found fifty-three sick.... A great many convicts who have been killed or died are buried along the line of this road. Sick convicts are sent from the plantations to the prison hospital when the distance, etc., will allow it. The prison hospital is a very unsuitable building. It is located directly over the bake-oven and cook-house, and has a low ceiling and metal roof overhead. I have visited this hospital in warm weather, when the heat was so great as to almost cremate the unfortunate sick confined there. At many of the plantations the lash has been very freely applied, and, from all I can learn, very cruelly. I have examined the backs of trusty convicts, which were literally cut to pieces.... Very few convicts escape from the plantations where blood-hounds are kept, and if they do escape they are soon caught.... At many of the plantations no washing had been done for weeks, and the convicts as well as their quarters were filled with vermin, and as they had no change of clothing, they had to wear their filthy rags, and endure the vermin as best they could. At the Lake Jackson Plantation the convicts had not changed their clothing in ten weeks, and their lower extremities were naked.... The bedding is simply a straw mattress, and in cold weather the convicts sleep upon hard boards and cover with their mattresses.'

"This report shows the treatment of colored convicts very clearly. Here, under color of law, barbarities are perpetrated upon helpless men which would pale the cheek of a Comanche or Sioux Indian; here, under color of law, the old slave plantations are worked with slaves again, and the old familiar hissing sound of the lash or bull-whip as it descends upon the back of a writhing victim is once more heard; here, in this the centennial year of our glorious supposed land of liberty, may again be heard the fierce howl of the blood-hound while in pursuit of a terrified escaped negro. Ah, how truly history repeats itself!

"That many of the negro convicts may richly deserve conviction for crimes, no one will deny; but does this fact justify the horrible cruelties inflicted upon them? Would it not be more humane to hang or kill them outright, as the Ku-Klux often do? Amidst all of the terrible sufferings of the colored people, they have not in a single instance resorted to massacres of the whites in retaliation for their innumerable wrongs. Their sublime patience in waiting for the justice and conscience of all the people to enforce the laws of our common country, and thus vindicate their wrongs, appeals in stronger terms than words could do to the defenders of the Union, to those who love justice and claim liberty for themselves, to once more unite and rally around the standard of Republicanism, and teach the Democracy that until all of its disciples have learned to obey the laws of the country and to protect all classes of our citizens in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the country will not trust the government in the hands of that party. The election of Messrs. Hayes and Wheeler will not place the lives and property of any law-abiding citizen in jeopardy, but, on the contrary, it will insure the protection of all who obey the laws, irrespective of race or party affiliations. The continued massacres of Republicans by the Democracy, from the New Orleans and Memphis tragedies of 1866 down to the recent butchery at Hamburg, show beyond contradiction that the election of Messrs. Tilden and Hendricks would be the signal for the Ku-Klux and White Leagues to turn loose their bands of assassins and blood-hounds, and begin anew their carnivals of crime and work of death upon the helpless and defenseless freedmen.

"Hoping that you will continue to expose the crimes and conspiracies of the Democracy,

"I remain, very respectfully,

"—— ——."

We suppress the writer's name at his request, since he believes that if his name were known he would be assassinated.

BABY'S GRANDMAMMA.

"No, Sir!" said Dr. Stone, emphatically; "no widows. I've an unconquerable aversion to them, and have followed old Weller's advice to Samivel since my earliest boyhood, and most carefully bewared of 'em. If ever I marry, the bride must be a young girl; so young, in fact, that I can be almost sure—no one can be quite sure of any thing where a woman is concerned—that I am her first and only— Don't screw up your face in that outrageous manner, Payne; you look as though you were going to have a fit. Laugh and have done with it, and then let's stop talking nonsense, for I haven't the slightest idea of marrying, or falling in love, or any thing of the sort."

"No old bachelor ever has," said Payne. "But I say, Doc, if I were you, I'd have a neat little card dangling from a button-hole bouquet, with the inscription, 'NO WIDOWS,' for, 'pon honor, you're exactly the sort of chap a well-to-do, pretty, susceptible widow would be spoons on. Handsome, clever, and just turned forty—"

"Stuff!" growled the doctor. "What a fool you are, Payne!" And then, glancing from the office window, he continued, as his friend, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, was about making some further remarks, "And do be silent for a few moments, if such a thing be possible, for here comes young Phillips's nurse-maid, and in a hurry too, which is something remarkable for that usually easy-going and eminently genteel young person.—Well, my girl," as she entered the office, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, doctor," she gasped, "baby's took very sick, and we're awful scared, and his mother's away, and won't be home till night."

"Wouldn't be much good if she was," muttered the doctor: "a young bit of a thing, looking like a baby herself."

"One of the kind a man might be *almost* sure had never loved another—hey, Stone?" asked Payne.

But Stone vouchsafed him no reply. "Who's with the child now?" he inquired of the frightened girl.

"The seamstress, Sir. We've sent for his grandmamma, but we're afraid she's away from home too, 'cause Mrs. Phillips scarcely ever goes shoppin' without her."

"Well, run ahead; I'll be there in a moment"—struggling into his overcoat. "And, Payne, take care of the office. I won't be long. There's a new book on surgery to amuse yourself with until I come back. Capital article where the leaf is turned down—a man blown almost into pieces—but find it for yourself."

"Thank you," said Payne; "but if it's all the same to you, old fellow, I prefer something not quite so amusing."

When Dr. Stone arrived at the dwelling of the Phillipses, the nurse-maid informed him, as she opened the door, that "the baby had taken a turn for the better, dear lamb, and had been sleepin' peacefully for the last ten minutes."

"I'll take a look at the little fellow," said the doctor, springing lightly up the stairs and gently opening the door of the nursery.

The baby lay in its crib fast asleep, and by its side, holding one tiny hand, sat a very pretty woman, who, at the first glance, the doctor decided to be about twenty—at the next, at least twenty-five. Her golden hair was knotted with artistic carelessness at the back of her small, shapely head, a few pretty tendril-like curls escaping to lie like little sunbeams on her low broad brow. Her eyes were large, soft, bright, dark brown, and shaded by long silky lashes. Her nose, slightly "tip-tilted," as Tennyson has it, lent an archness to her face, which otherwise, with such eyes and so perfect a mouth and chin, would have been "faultily faultless." Her dress, of some lustreless gray stuff, with a bright blue ribbon at the throat and soft lace ruffles at the wrists, clung close to a beautiful form; and the hand that held the baby's was small, snowy white, and daintily shaped. All of which did the doctor take in in three quick glances, after the manner of his kind.

"A seamstress?—a princess!" was the judgment he pronounced mentally as he drew off his gloves, and, with unusual urbanity, proceeded to make some professional inquiries about the child.

The seamstress answered in a wonderfully pleasant voice and in a remarkably well-bred and self-possessed manner. "Baby seems to be all right now," said she; "but I think you had better wait a little while, doctor, for fear the spasms might return."

The doctor seated himself, not at all unwillingly, it must be confessed, and while the baby still slumbered entered into converse with his beautiful companion. In a few moments he found himself turning over the leaves of a Browning which he had taken from a small table by her side, and then, in another few moments, giving her, to his great surprise, his opinion of that writer and his works.

I say, to his great surprise, for the doctor was really a shy, reserved man, and not at all given to talking poetry to pretty women; but this woman was *so* pretty.

As he went on, waxing eloquent, it suddenly struck him that a needle-woman would not be familiar with these poems, and he paused, to have her, to his greater surprise, take up the subject, and deliver a criticism far better and cleverer than his own.

From Browning and that more resplendent genius, his wife, to Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, and at last George Eliot, of whom the seamstress spoke with a deeper crimson on her cheeks and a brighter light in her glorious brown eyes. "Silas Marner," she said, "is the loveliest—" But by this time the doctor had become so interested in watching the play of the prettily curved lips and the bewitching dimples that came and went with every smile, he ceased to hear what the enthusiastic speaker *was* saying; and when she, looking him straight in the face, asked, "Don't you agree with me, doctor?" he was obliged to stammer, "I beg a thousand pardons, but what *was* your last remark?"

"It is *I* who should beg pardon," said the pretty seamstress, with a charming little grimace. "How thoughtless I have been! Of course you have patients waiting for you. How could I go on so?" The doctor wished she'd go on forever. "But pray don't stay another minute; only tell me what to do if baby is taken sick again, and if I find I can't manage him, I'll send for you immediately. I hope, however, to be able to get along without you."

The doctor hoped she wouldn't—internally, of course—and then he said, "I assure you, madam, I have still an hour at your service." Oh, wicked Dr. Stone! and old Mrs. Aspen groaning with rheumatism and expecting you by appointment this blessed moment! "I shall be only too happy to stay—I mean, I think it necessary I should remain. These childish complaints are, as perhaps you are not aware, often very dangerous." And again, oh, wicked Dr. Stone! for you know you are quite sure nothing serious is the matter with baby! Prescribe for yourself, doctor. It is you who have caught a "dangerous" malady. In spite of your sneers and scoffs all your life long at the tender passion—in spite of your emphatic declaration not more than an hour ago—you *have* fallen in love, and she *isn't* sweet sixteen, and she *is*—a seamstress.

"A princess," he repeated to himself again, and then he said, aloud, "I will, at least, remain until the baby's grandmamma arrives."

"Oh, if that is all that detains you, go at once," said the fair one with the golden locks, a mischievous smile dancing over her lovely lips and in her big brown eyes. "She is here."

"Here?" repeated the doctor. "Where?"

"Why, didn't nurse tell you? *I'm* baby's grandmamma, and dotingly fond of my grandson too." Then out burst the merriest little laugh, that was hushed in a moment, for fear of waking the sleeping child, for the doctor's face was a comical study. A dozen different expressions were mingled there, as he remembered that the girl-wife, Mrs. Phillips, had once spoken to him of her sweet mamma—a widow, and a widow for the *second* time. But who could have dreamed of such a widow—such a mamma—such a grandmamma? Scarcely knowing what he did, he bowed himself from the room, forgetting all about the directions he was to leave, and hastened into the street.

"Good heavens, how preposterous!" he exclaimed, as soon as he recovered his senses; "and how beautiful!"

And just six months from that day Payne was shouting at the top of his voice in the doctor's office, "Ha! ha! ha! Be groomsman? Of course I will, old fellow! But when I think of the young girl who never loved another, transformed into double widow—ha! ha! ha!—and a grandmother in the bargain—ho! ho! ho—!"

"If you don't shut your mouth, Payne," said the doctor, seriously, "you'll have a terrible cold on your lungs, and *I* won't answer for the consequences."

THE TRAMP.

"KNIGHTS of the turnpike," as they are facetiously called by a correspondent of one of our daily newspapers, but better known under the simpler cognomen of "tramps," have of late become a recognized class in our community. Formerly we were accustomed to hear only occasionally of these dangerous stragglers, who wandered through villages, alarming women and children by their wild appearance and imperious demands for food and shelter, but of late the country has been infested with them. They are no longer simply traveling beggars, but thieves and robbers, without respect for persons or property. They appropriate to their own uses whatever they can lay hands on, and, if necessary, use violence, sometimes amounting to murder, rather than forego their plunder. As the law appears to be almost helpless against them, farmers and others who are the victims of outrage on the part of these peregrinating scoundrels are frequently obliged to arm themselves in their own defense, and drive the wretches out of the country by force.

A cottage where the male members of the family are at work in some distant field is usually the spot selected by the tramp as the scene of his depredations. Our engraving on page 720 shows us the alarm and danger to which women and children are frequently subjected by these vagabonds. Fortunately in this case rescue is at hand; for the tramps, who are only valorous when they have to contend with weakness, never fail to assume the humility of a suffering mendicant when confronted by the muscles of a sturdy yeoman.

There is no greater folly than to say that the tramp is a laborer or artisan out of employ and looking for work. He is no such person. There are laborers and mechanics out of employ, and many of them, in these times of financial depression, and they may walk from one city to another seeking work; they may even, and doubtless often do, ask for food, drink, and shelter, and they may be mistaken for tramps; but they are not the true, genuine tramp any more than they are graduates from the State-prison. Nor need the two classes ever be confounded. One is honest and earnest. The laborer is accustomed to employment, and misses it even more than the money he earns by it; he shows that he is used to the respect of his fellow-men, and his manner and bearing, though they may be modest and deferential, are those of one who respects himself.

The tramp has an individuality of his own. His appearance is generally that of a large, brawny-fisted fellow, tough and strong as a horse. His demeanor is bold and impudent toward those that he thinks he can overcome, and cringing and subservient to the last degree where he recognizes superior strength. They may be easily divided into classes. There is the professional tramp, who makes his living by traveling from town to town. These are the most numerous. Some of them have short routes, re-appearing frequently in the same spot. Others include all the large cities in their circuit, wandering from Washington to New York and Chicago, and even working their way into Canada. Others assume the guise of peddlers, umbrella-menders, and scissors-grinders. By this means they more readily gain admittance to houses. Their stock in trade is usually worth little or nothing, sometimes consisting only of a few cakes of soap, matches, or pencils. These are known to have a regular organization, and they communicate with each other by certain signs. A mark on the fence, intelligible only to themselves, will serve to indicate a house where they can be certain of securing a good meal, with a possible opportunity of stealing something. Many of them are also endowed with a talent for fiction that might earn them an honest living in another branch of trade. After a great calamity like the Chicago and Boston fires, or an ocean disaster, there is an unusual number of survivors who want to get to some town where their relatives are residing. Others who lost a leg or an arm years before the war have been old soldiers ever since. These are generally on the way to New York or Philadelphia, where they receive their pension. An amusing story is told by the chief of police in one of the towns of New Jersey in connection with one of these vagrants. A sickly-looking fellow with a terrible cough called at the door of his house one morning while its owner was away on duty, and so worked upon the sympathies of his wife that she not only gave him a small sum of money, but also one of her husband's shirts, an article of which the tramp seemed sorely in need. During the evening the official was called upon to lock up a drunken and disorderly disturber of the peace. After he was safely secured in his cell he sent up word, "Tell the chief I've got his shirt." On investigation he proved to be the consumptive wanderer with the bad cough. In another part of New Jersey there is a hospitable mansion where the servants have orders never to turn any one away who applies for aid. The story is told that the lady's father was an Englishman, and left directions in his will that all travelers who asked for food should be supplied. This is undoubtedly a fabrication, but the generosity of the inmates is so well known throughout the county that tramps have come to regard the house as a capital stopping-place, and a dozen have been known to apply for food and shelter in a single day.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE eighth annual report on the noxious, beneficial, and other insects of Missouri, by **CHARLES V. RILEY**, State entomologist, has just been received, and, like every thing from this writer, contains much matter of interest to agriculture and entomology. The noxious species to which special attention has been directed in this report are the Colorado potato beetle, the canker-worm, the army-worm, the Rocky Mountain locust, and the grape-vine phylloxera. There is a special division upon innoxious insects, under which is mentioned the yucca-borer, which, according to Dr. **RILEY**, is the only butterfly the larva of which has the boring habit. Under the head of the Colorado potato beetle, we learn that it has become extremely abundant in the East, and that it swarms to a remarkable extent on Coney Island; also, that a sprinkling of Paris green continues to be one of the most important means of preventing its ravages. From the experiments of Professors **KENZIE** and **M'MURTRIE** it is shown that, contrary to the anticipations of some, there is no danger to be apprehended to the soil from the introduction of this poison. An extended article upon the Rocky Mountain locust contains the comforting assurance to the farmers of Missouri that no danger need be apprehended from it during the year 1876. In regard to the grape-vine phylloxera, which is now threatening the destruction of almost the entire system of the European vineyards, Professor **RILEY** states that it has comparatively little effect on the American vines, and that the demand for these for exportation to Europe far exceeds the supply. Numerous well-executed wood-cuts add greatly to the interest and value of this important report.

Dr. **JOLLY**, in correction of a previous memoir on the phosphate of lime, remarks that of the two elements, phosphoric acid and lime, constituting the soluble and insoluble, the former is absorbed in a certain proportion at once; the second, or the lime, is rejected almost entirely by the intestinal canal.

The soluble preparations of the phosphate of lime act primarily as acid principles; then, in consequence of the changes which they undergo in the intestines, they act secondarily as phosphatic agents of another base.

It is well known that among the first enterprises in the form of original research undertaken by the Smithsonian Institution was the organization of a body of correspondents in meteorology for the purpose of securing reliable data in regard to the climatology of North America. This work was prosecuted as thoroughly as the means of the Institution would permit, and was conducted with unintermitting zeal from about 1848 until within a few years past, when the expenditure of ample means by the Signal Service for the same purpose rendered it unnecessary for the Institution to continue its efforts. A period of full twenty-five years, or a quarter of a century, is embraced in these records.

The Institution has recently been engaged in working up and discussing these results for the purpose of obtaining reliable laws in regard to American climatology. Several years since this material was drawn upon by Professor **COFFIN** in the preparation of his work on the *Winds of the Northern Hemisphere*, and published by the Smithsonian Institution. This was followed a few years subsequently by the publication of the tables of rain-fall prepared by **C. A. SCHOTT**.

We now have to report the appearance of a third volume of the series, that of the *Atmospheric Temperature*, forming a work of about 360 pages, illustrated by three plates, one showing the summer temperatures, one those of winter, and one the means of the year. The new edition of the work on the winds, commenced by Professor **COFFIN**, and finished after his death by his son, with the assistance of Professor **WOJEIKOFF**, will, it is understood, make its appearance in a short time.

After repeated efforts the friends of the enterprise succeeded in establishing an agricultural experimental station in Connecticut, under the charge of the trustees of Wesleyan University. The preliminary report of less than half a year's labors has just been published, and shows the enterprise to have been a legitimate one in view of the amount and character of the work accomplished.

The establishment is in charge of Professor **W. O. ATWATER**, an agricultural chemist of eminence, under whose direction a considerable number of analyses of fertilizers have been made. The results of the labors of this experimental station have already been to define with precision the percentage of nitrogen to the ton in the various fertilizers offered for sale, and the withdrawal from the market of several worthless articles.

WEYPRECHT, the well-known arctic traveler, found that in regions where the aurora exhibits its maximum power the deviation of the magnetic needle was toward the east. The declination diminished, but the inclination always increased.

The salmon eggs which were shipped last winter to Australia in the steamship *Durham*, as packed by Messrs. **FRANK BUCKLAND** and **JAMES A. YOUL**, arrived at their destination, and on being unpacked about one-third were found to be living. These were divided among several hatching establishments, but gave little promise of final success.

The royal medals of the Royal Geographical Society for the present year have been awarded to Lieutenant **CAMERON** and to Mr. **JOHN FORREST**.

The Smithsonian Institution has lately published a second part of its series of "Constants of Nature," in the form of a supplement to the first article on the specific gravities, boiling-points, and melting-points, including data for nearly 700 substances, being about 300 more than were given in Part First.

In the inquiry into the cause of the death of many fishes, M. **DE LA BLANCHÈRE** considers this largely connected with the exhaustion caused during reproduction, and calls attention to this well-known fact among large trout under such circumstances.

Letters from Colonel **GORDON**, who is exploring the Upper Nile in behalf of the Khedive of Egypt, have been received to the 10th of February, at which time he had returned from the frontiers of **KABA REGA**'s kingdom—**BAKER**'s old enemy. The chief took to flight on the appearance of **GORDON**'s small force, and he then planted a garrison at Urondogani and at Magungo, taking formal possession of both lakes Nyanza, the Victoria and the Albert, in the name of the Khedive.

Still more recent advices announce that the steamer carried by Colonel **GORDON** up the Nile has safely passed the cataract, and been reconstructed and placed in the navigable waters above. With this and two sail boats M. **GESSI** ascended the upper part of the White Nile to the Albert Nyanza with supplies to the Egyptian military station at Magungo, at the mouth of Somerset River, in the lake. Afterward the lake was circumnavigated, in April, and found to be 140 miles long and fifty broad, being much smaller than either the Victoria Nyanza or the Tanganyika.

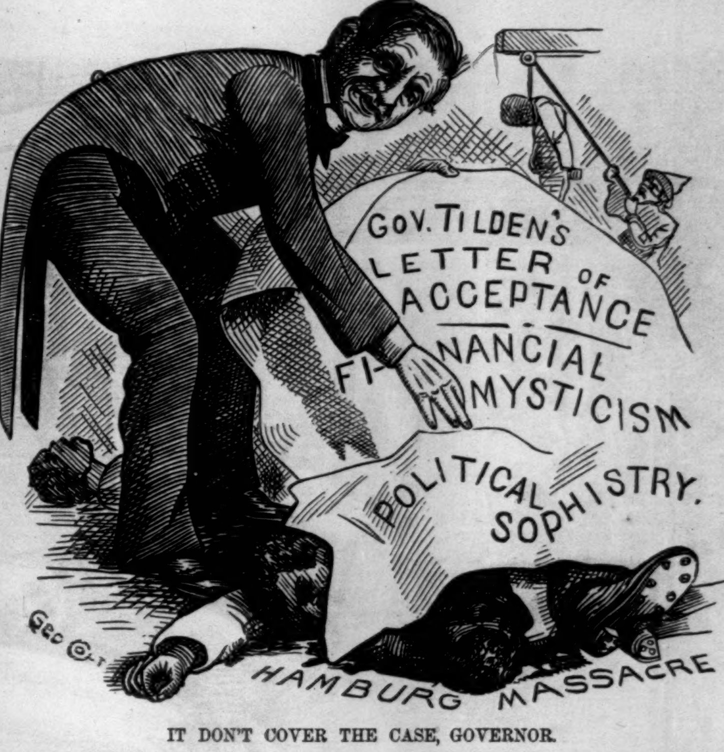
Dr. **STUDER**, of Berne, has lately returned from a two years' absence on a voyage of scientific exploration on board the *Gazelle*, which carried the German transit of Venus expedition to Kerguelen Land. The vessel left Kiel on the 27th of June, 1874, and returned in April, 1876.

Among the incidents of the voyage was the determination of the depth of the sea off the Cape Verd Islands, for the purpose of showing the submarine connection of the group.

A boat excursion was made up the Congo River as far as Mboma. Arriving at Kerguelen Land in the end of October, 1874, the vessel remained there until February, 1875, Dr. **STUDER** occupying his time in geological and zoological researches, seventeen chests of collections attesting his industry. These have been divided between the museums at Berne and Berlin.

On the home voyage many of the less-known islands in the Australian Archipelago were visited. Dr. **STUDER**, as an archæologist, was particularly interested in the study of the habits of the pile-dwellers of New Guinea, and in ascertaining the peculiar habits of this people.

Kerguelen Land, from being one of the least-known parts of the globe, may now be considered as among those best understood, the naturalists of several nations having already published elaborate notices of its natural history. Prominent among these may be mentioned that of Dr. **J. S. KIDDER**, of the United States Navy, connected with the *Swatara*, published by the Interior Department as Bulletins Nos. 2 and 3 of the United States National Museum. Several reports have also been published by English naturalists; but the collections made by Dr. **STUDER** are probably more extensive than those of others, and will doubtless soon be brought to the notice of the scientific public.



IT DON'T COVER THE CASE, GOVERNOR.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT is singular how rapidly some young gentlemen from the country lose their color when visiting large cities. They go there very green, and invariably come away done very brown.

A school-master tells the following good one: "I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. 'Is this the dunce block?' I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, 'I guess so; the teacher always sits on it.' The stool was unoccupied that term."

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

NOT SO GOOD.—A lady says it is no worse to encircle a lady's waist with your arm in a ball-room than to kiss your friend's sister on the back stairs. No worse! Why, it is not half so good.

"Small thanks to you," said a petulant plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, Sir," replied the witness, "but just think of what I didn't say!"

"No man can do any thing against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to prison against his will—faith he did."

"Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry ye can't dine with me to-day." "Arrah, and why can't I dine with ye?" said the astonished Phil. "Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

"There was a Kerry priest," began Ned Shea, "an' he had the fashion of hearin' confessions wid a slate an' pencil; an' he'd write down every sin, an' the price of it opposite. Well, one day a big mountainy fellow came to his duty, an' says he, 'I bruk a man's head last Hallow-eve.' 'That's ninepence,' says the priest. 'I cut the tail ov Larry Kelly's cow.' 'That's a shillin'; oh, begob, a shillin' that is!' and down it went on the slate. 'I murthered me wife twice.' 'That's thruppence; go on.' 'I kilt an Orangeman.' 'Whoo!' says the priest, rubbin' out every thing, 'that clanes out all the rest.'"

There is said to be something consoling for every ill in this life. For instance, if a man is bald-headed, his wife can't pull his hair.

A young man wants to know what business he had better go into that will enable him to occupy a high position in society. Let him try the roofing business. In that trade a smart man will soon get to the top of the ladder.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

Why is a mad bull an animal of convivial disposition?—Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

Adam and Eve escaped two serious annoyances of modern lovers. In the first place, Eve had no mamma to make judicious inquiries as to Adam's social position and prospects of patrimony, and Adam had no "governor" to see that he did not throw himself away on a portionless girl.

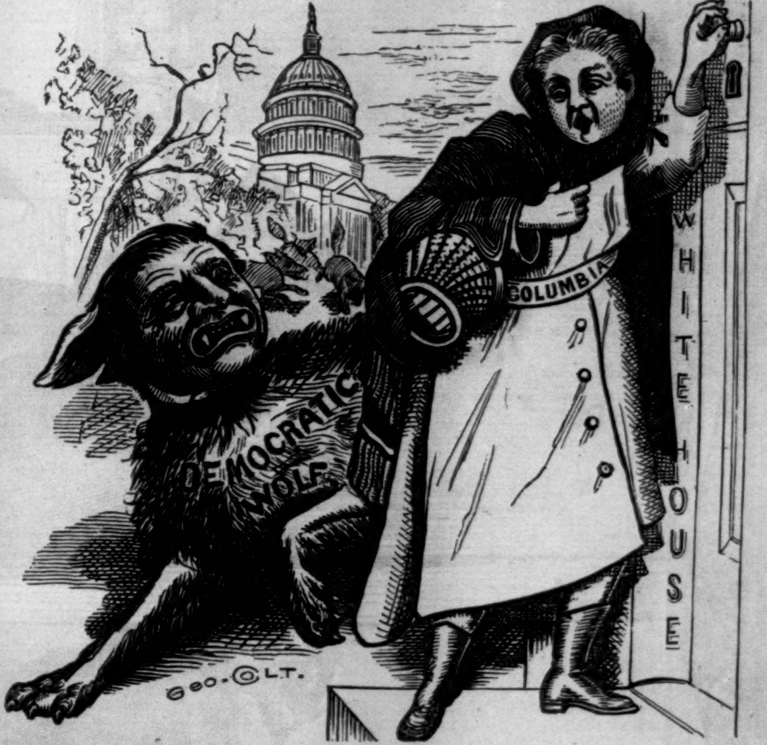
OPEN TO CONVICTION—The prisoner at the bar.

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a gentleman to a little urchin whom he caught in the act of pilfering one from his door-step. "'Cause he sends me to take it."

A 'cute young wife says, "When I want a nice snug day all to myself, I tell George dear mother is coming, and then I see nothing of him until one in the morning."

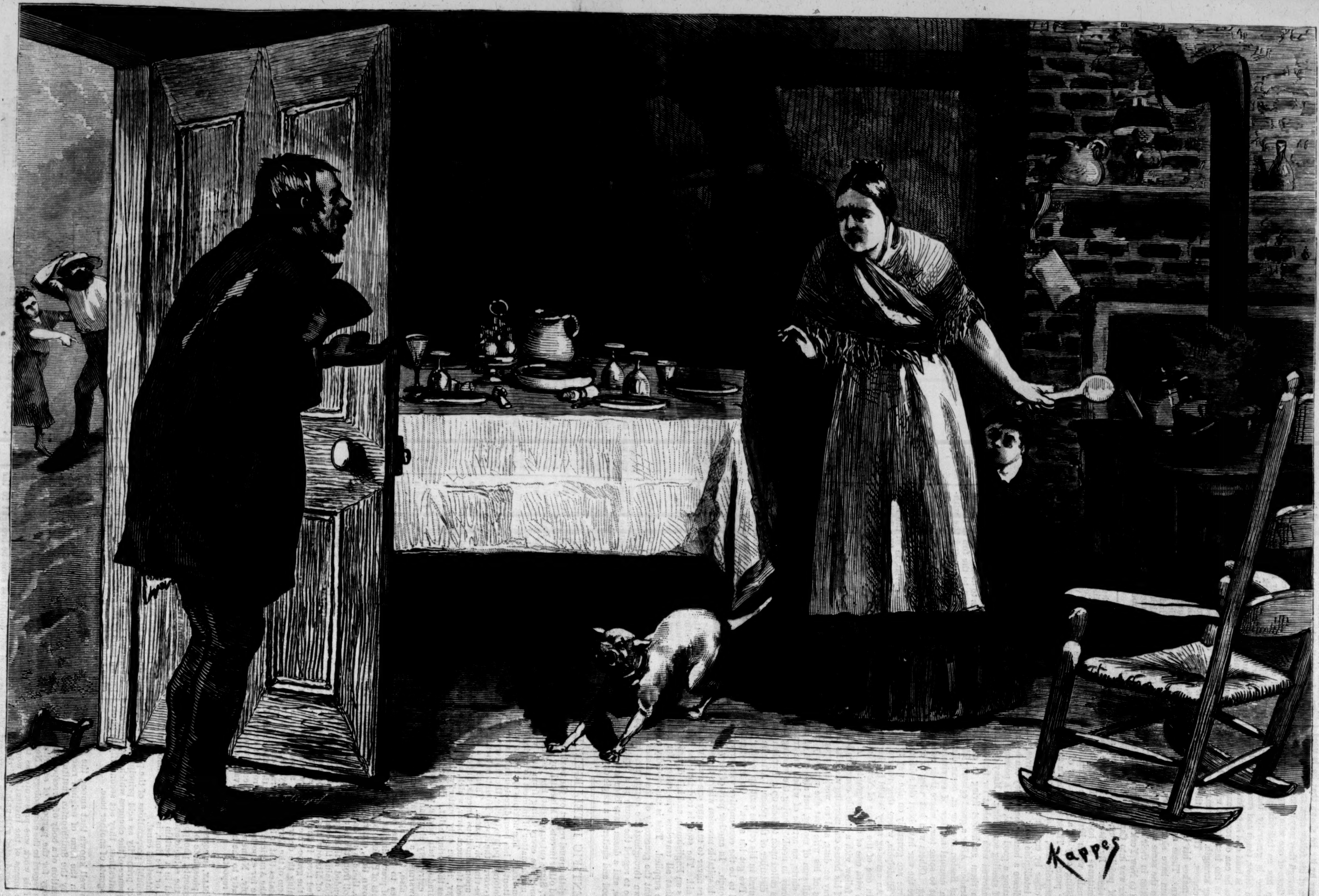
Why does a person who is poorly lose his sense of touch?—Because he don't feel well.

A Scotch minister, after a hard day's labor, and while at a "denner-tea," as he called it, kept incessantly praising the "haam," and stating that "Mrs. Dunlop at hame was as fond o' haam like that as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of a ham. "It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin', but I'll no pit ye to the trouble; I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me." When, on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put into a sack, some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian knot. "I think, mistress, a cheese in the ither en' wad mak' a gran' balance." The hint was immediately acted on, and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

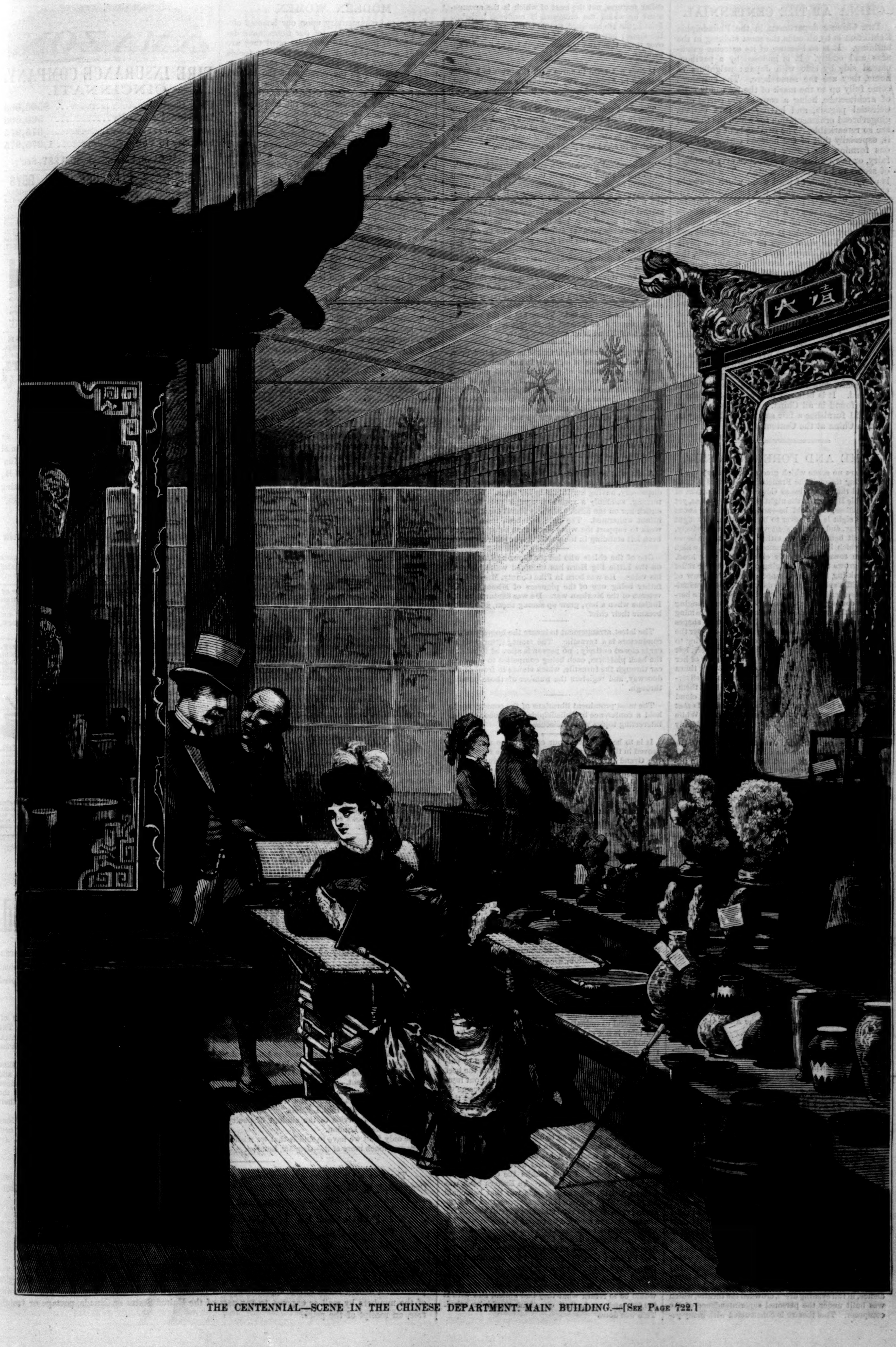


THE POLITICAL RED RIDING-HOOD.

"The wolf at the door of nearly every home in the land, gaunt and hungry."
—GOVERNOR TILDEN'S SPEECH.



THE TRAMP.—[See Page 718.]



THE CENTENNIAL—SCENE IN THE CHINESE DEPARTMENT, MAIN BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

CHINA AT THE CENTENNIAL.

THE Chinese department in the Philadelphia Exhibition is by all odds the most striking in the building. It is so because of its extreme gaudiness and oddity. It is inclosed by a pavilion, placed side by side with Japan: neighbors at home, they are the same here. The entrances come fully up to the mark of the tea-caddy style of architecture, being a copy of the portal of a Celestial pagoda, and having all that curious gingerbread ornamentation for which the Chinese are so remarkable. The carving is of great merit, especially that of the hideous curled-up dragons forming the corner pieces. Every demon, fairy, or rawhead-and-bloody-bones ever dreamed of seems to be here represented. The structure is of various kinds of hard wood which grows in China. On the façade is the inscription, "Ta-Shing-Lo," which means the Chinese Empire. Within the pavilion is a pagoda, or joss-house—an exact imitation of such buildings in China. The display of exhibits is extremely original and effective. The show-cases as well as the pavilion are in the Chinese style of architecture, the whole place wearing a decidedly quaint appearance. Lacquered ware and rich carvings are prominent features, especially the former. Many of the odd-looking show-cases groan with rich silks of delicate shades of color, and here and there rise tall towers of the pagoda style. At the rear of the section is a brilliant little structure of carved and gilded wood-work and scarlet silk, with panels representing scenes from Chinese life. The very earliest as well as latest forms of pottery are exhibited in great profusion. There is one very beautiful and venerable specimen of green glaze, which is said to be nine hundred years old. It is believed that not another like it can be found in all China. Our illustration on page 721 furnishes a fair sample of what may be seen in China at the Centennial.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PERHAPS no scene which greets the traveler's eye in journeying through the Franconia Mountains is more beautiful than moonrise as viewed from the piazza of the Profile House. If the night is favorable—clear, yet not cloudless, it should be—and the moon is about full, the sight is one never to be forgotten. Twilight fades away, and evening shadows deepen impressively, as you sit hemmed in on either side by the massive ridges which inwall the Franconia Notch, and which just here tower majestically close above your head. Darker grows the sky, bringing out into clearer relief the twinkling stars, until appears over the brow of Eagle Cliff a softening of the darkness, which gradually increases, and at length a broad luminous space heralds the coming of the Queen of Night. The changing clouds on the mountain-top are lovely—now gleaming with silver light, then breaking into fantastic shapes of many colors, and again settling in blackness over the cliff. An hour passes as you watch, scarce daring to turn your eyes away from the growing brightness, lest in that single moment you miss the first glance of her Majesty. But the Queen is in no haste. Many times you fancy she is just peeping over, and then the silver-lined clouds dissolve, revealing nothing behind them. Yet she must be very near. But a broad black cloud settles like a pall upon the mountain's brow. Is *that* to come between you and the desired sight? While you gaze, fearing impending disappointment, suddenly the dark curtain rises, leaving a perfectly clear background; and, as if satisfied with the preparations, the lovely moon peers over the cliff, slowly and proudly and calmly rising higher and higher, and gazes in unruffled beauty upon her terrestrial admirers. She sails along the rocky summit of Eagle Cliff—now scattering by her rays the passing cloud, now hiding for an instant behind one—looking benignly down into the dark valley, and beautifully lightening it up by her soft rays. The frowning peaks of Mount Cannon gleam in the silver light. You can not see the Old Man of the Mountain from your point of sight, but you fancy he is smiling at the reflection of the moon in the clear waters of Profile Lake; and you dreamily fancy many strange things, until reminded of the lateness of the hour by the extinguishing of the gas in the parlors of the Profile House. But the moon shines out brighter than ever.

Temperance societies in New York and vicinity could not better promote the interests of their cause than to make a grand combination for the purpose of furnishing the Croton reservoirs with a double extra supply of filters; and if that is not sufficient to accomplish the desired result, it might be well to send a filter to every house—following the fashion of those good societies which undertake to supply every house with a Bible. When water is impure, people will try to find something to drink that tastes better.

It is not to the credit of Saratoga that it is said to be already acquiring the name of the American Baden-Baden.

A great many more people ought to visit the Centennial Exhibition, in order that the affair may pay expenses. Those who go there will find themselves abundantly repaid for the time and money expended.

Several men who were reported killed with General Custer have come to life again. They were not with his command.

In reference to one department of mathematics, Assistant-Superintendent Harrison, of New York, says:

"After a careful study of the results accomplished in the teaching of algebra in our schools, I am decidedly of the opinion that no other subject shows so small an amount of intellectual gain in proportion to the time and labor required to teach it."

The great musical festival at Baireuth has crowded the little Bavarian city with eager and interested visitors. An opera that requires four evenings for its complete presentation is a novelty, and Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelungen* possesses many rare qualities which command the thoughtful attention of music lovers. Wagner has labored many years on this great work, which was first performed in Baireuth, commencing Sunday evening, August 13. "Rhein-Gold," the introductory drama, occupied the entire evening. A vast audience, in full evening dress, crowded the theatre, which was built under the personal superintendence of the composer. This theatre is constructed with many peculiar features, not the least of which is the arrangement by which the orchestra is rendered invisible. Foot-lights are banished, so that nothing may obstruct the scene; but the stage is brilliantly illuminated by over three thousand burners, regulated by a novel apparatus.

It does not seem to agree with Congress to hold its sessions in August. The weather, or something else, has a disturbing influence upon the members.

The right arm of the statue of Liberty was recently landed in New York from the French steam-ship *Labrador*. The broadest diameter of the arm is six feet. A balcony is attached, capable of holding ten persons, which is to serve as a point of illumination.

The beautiful Home which Edwin Forrest bequeathed to the old and helpless of the dramatic profession will soon be opened. It is picturesquely located upon the crest of a woodland hill, about half a mile from the town of Holmesburg. The old-fashioned, three-storied mansion gives from its broad-pillared porticoes a view of surpassing beauty. The interior of the Home presents peculiar attractions. The broad hallway which divides the first floor is made a perfect gallery of art, where are valuable paintings, statuary, and portraits of distinguished men, actors and others. In parlors and library also hang costly works of art. About 8000 volumes are carefully arranged in the book-cases. The bedrooms are commodious and inviting, although furnished with curious ancient types of bed-steads, bureaus, and dressing-cases, some of which are more than a century old. There are in the mansion many pictures of Forrest in character. Altogether the Actors' Home is an attractive place.

New theories are being advanced in regard to scurvy, the dreaded disease of sailors. It has been supposed that the precautions of using preserved meats and lime juice had well-nigh stopped the ravages of this disease, but some recent cases in England indicate the contrary. Hence a Dublin chemist, who has been investigating the subject, advances the opinion that it is not salt that causes scurvy, but an absence of potash, which substance is washed out of meat by the application of brine. The preventive he proposes is the addition of phosphate of potash to the food of seamen, to be used like common salt.

A singular accident recently caused the death of a woman in this city. She had gone for medicine to the dispensary, having her infant in her arms. While returning, suddenly a rotten telegraph pole fell and struck her on the head. She was found dead, but the infant unharmed. The pole had been thought too weak to support the wires some time before, but had been left standing in the public thoroughfare.

One of the chiefs who led the Sioux against Custer on the Little Big Horn has unmixed white blood in his veins. He was born in Pike County, Missouri, his father being one of the pioneers of Missouri and a veteran of the Mexican war. He was captured by the Indians when a boy, grew up among them, and finally became their chief.

The latest arrangement to insure the honesty of car conductors is a turnstile. The front platform of the car is closed entirely; no person is allowed to ride on the back platform, each being compelled to enter the car through the turnstile, which stands in front of the doorway, and registers the number of those passing through.

The most prominent librarians of the country are to hold a conference in Philadelphia on October 4, when interesting topics will be discussed.

It is to be hoped that our court-rooms may be improved in the matter of ventilation. The foreman of the Grand Jury has addressed the following letter to Recorder Hackett:

"The Grand Jury are desirous to take action on the subject of the need of proper ventilation in your court-room, and will do so if you can point out to them any mode by which their action will be effective. We are of opinion that our calling attention to the subject would be of no avail, as the authorities as well as the entire community already understand that the health of all who are compelled to spend hours each day in the vitiated air of that 'black hole' is in danger, and if any proof of this is needed, we need only refer to you as a living example."

The letter-carriers of New York recently presented to Postmaster James a petition 3000 feet long, containing the signatures of 50,000 persons, and protesting against the reduction of the salaries of the carriers.

The King of Siam has sent to M. Thiers a present of a superb elephant. The ex-President, not being exactly able to install the interesting creature in his hôtel in the Place St. Georges, made an offering of it to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, where it is now the great centre of attraction.

Too much care can not be taken during the summer to avoid the use of meats, vegetables, and fruits that are not fresh and in good condition. In hot weather articles of food of many kinds so soon become spoiled that careful examination of every thing purchased for the table is not alone sufficient at the market. They should be re-inspected before being cooked and before they are placed upon the table. Not long ago a whole family in Philadelphia were seriously poisoned by eating tainted meat. Some soup was made from the beef one day, and the family all partook of it without injury. The next day they ate the beef, and all became violently ill. An examination of the meat showed that it had spoiled after the soup had been made of it.

A curious story is told of a conductor on a Western railway, who, while going to his train one morning not long ago, was arrested by an officer of the law and an officer of the road. On his shirt front was a $5000 diamond pin, and in his pocket were a valuable gold watch and chain. In his trunks the officers found $30,000 in government bonds. An Eastern bank was telegraphed to, and the response was that bail could be furnished in $90,000, if necessary, as that was the amount deposited to the conductor's credit there. The conductor then retorted by calling a lawyer, who politely informed the officers that the diamond pin which they had illegally taken had been worn by the conductor twenty years; the watch belonged to him before he went into the employ of the company; that the government bonds and the money in the bank belonged to his wife, as heir to an estate. The lawyer suggested that the best thing for the company to do would be to return what they had stolen, and with it $40,000, and no further questions would be asked. This was done.

MODERN WOMEN.

IT is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids—pale, nervous, feeble and back-achy, with only here and there a few noble exceptions in the persons of the robust, buxom ladies characteristic of the sex in days gone by. By a very large experience, covering a period of years, and embracing the treatment of many thousands of cases of those ailments peculiar to women, Dr. PIERCE, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., has perfected, by the combination of certain vegetable extracts, a natural specific, which he does not extol as a cure-all, but one which admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most positive and reliable remedy for those weaknesses and complaints that afflict the women of the present day. This natural specific compound is called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The following are among those diseases in which this wonderful medicine has worked cures as if by magic and with a certainty never before attained by any medicines: Weak back, nervous and general debility, falling and other displacements of internal organs, resulting from debility and lack of strength in natural supports, internal fever, congestion, inflammation and ulceration, and very many other chronic diseases incident to women, not proper to mention here, in which, as well as in the cases that have been enumerated, the Favorite Prescription effects cures—the marvel of the world. It will not do harm in any state or condition of the system, and by adopting its use the invalid lady may avoid that severest of ordeals—the consulting of a family physician. Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.—[*Com.*]

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A FACT FOR THESE TIMES.

THE difference between the most improved styles of the ordinary sewing-machine and the "New Automatic" of the Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., is simply marvelous, and puts the latter far ahead of every thing hitherto invented in sewing-machines. On view at the Centennial Machinery Hall, Sec. C. 7, Col. 50, and at No. 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

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Will prove of service to the student of poetry.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, London.

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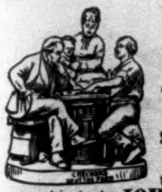

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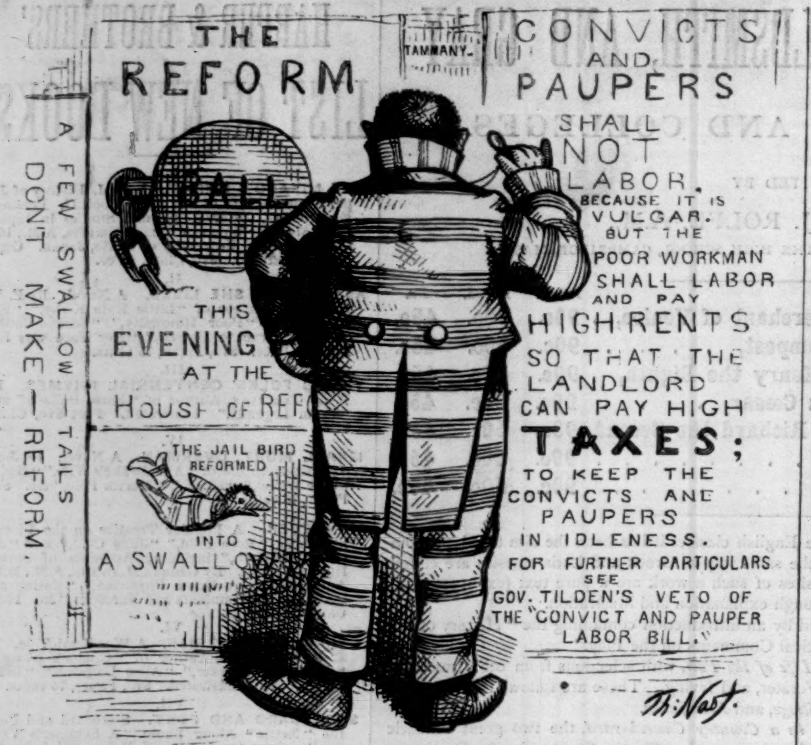
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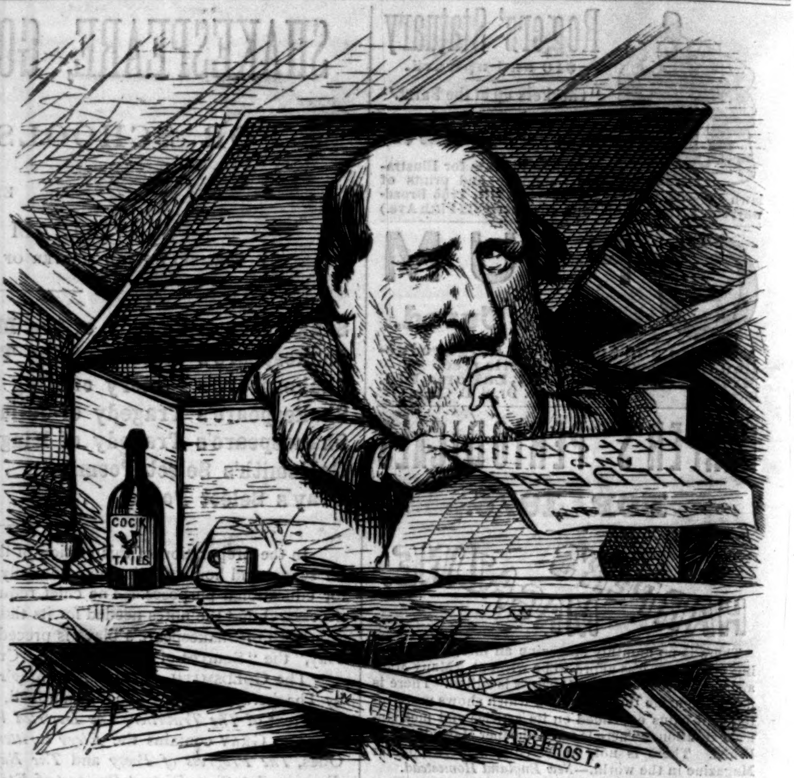

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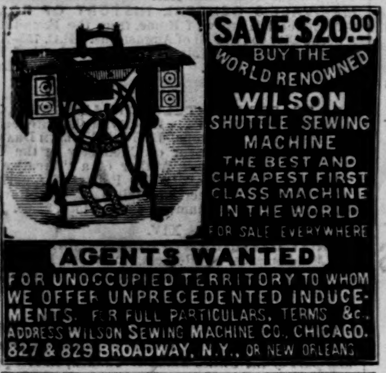

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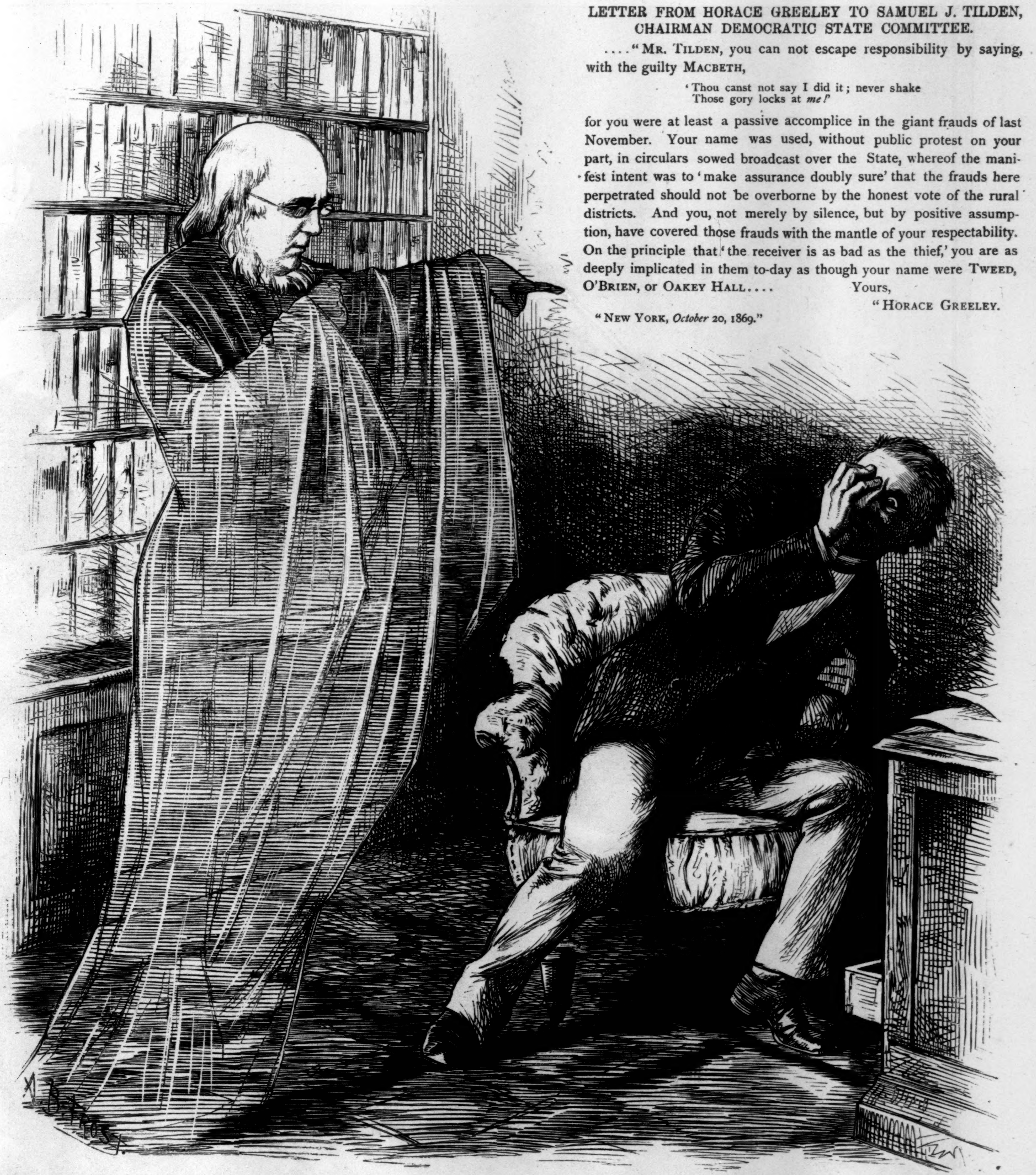
"HORACE GREELEY.

"NEW YORK, *October* 20, 1869."



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DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OF 1876 TO DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OF 1872.

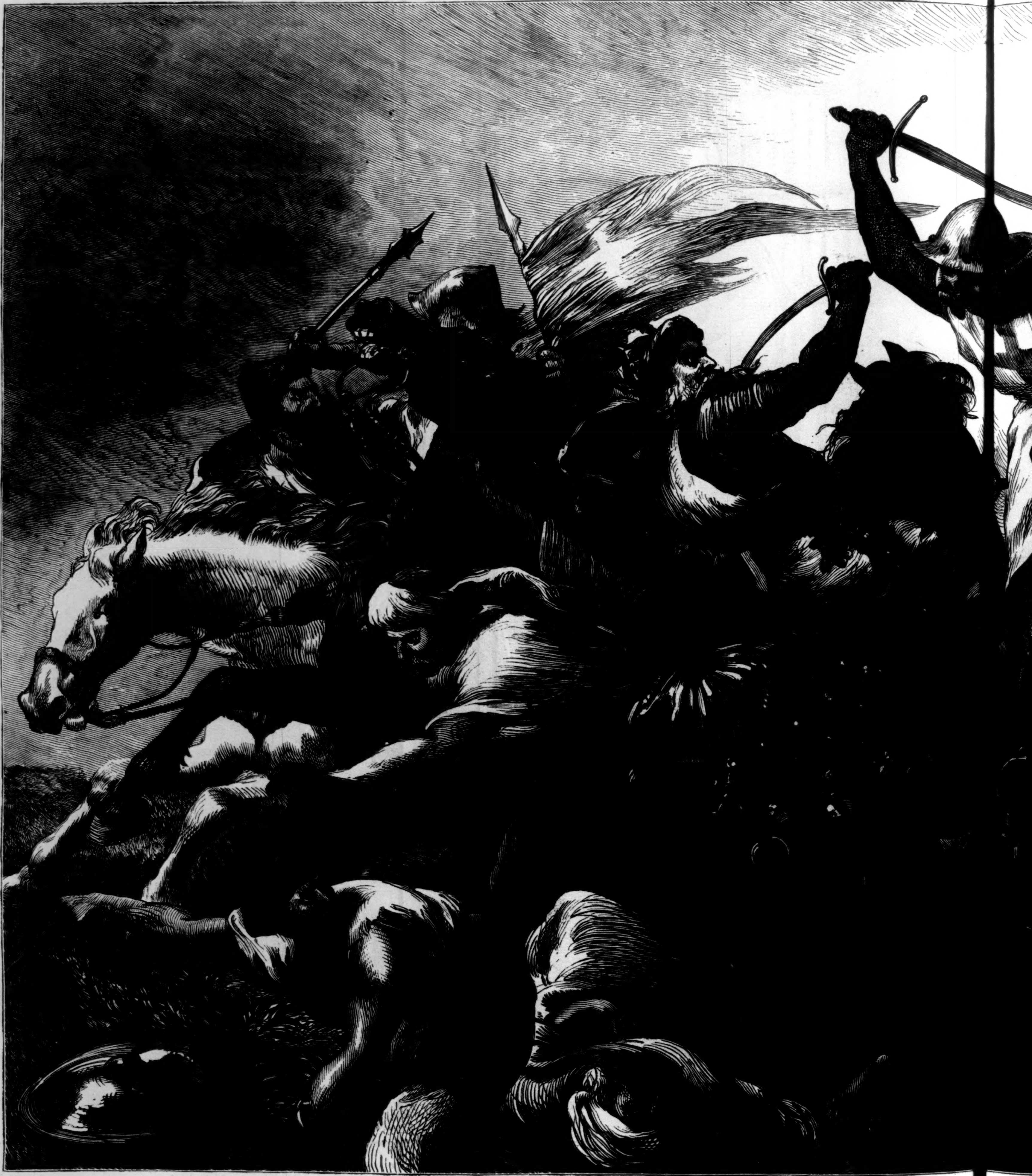
"Avaunt! and quit my sight!"—MACBETH.

"CRUSADERS."

THE religious wars of the Middle Ages, commonly known as the Crusades, have not infrequently furnished inspiration to the pencil of the artist. Among those who have lately treated the subject successfully is Sir JOHN GILBERT, whose spirited painting, entitled "The Crusaders," has been lately exhibited at the Royal Academy, London. From an early period in the history of the Church it was considered a pious act to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and to visit the various places consecrated by the presence of Divinity. For nearly a thousand years there seems to have been no impediment offered to pilgrims, who wandered about the shores of the Jordan unmolested by the conquerors of the Holy Land, and their religious spirit at one time was respected to such an extent by the fierce but generous Arabs that they were allowed to build a church and hospital in the city of Jerusalem. But under the Fatimites of Egypt, who conquered Syria about 980 A.D., the position both of the native Christian residents and of the pilgrims became less favorable, and the subjugation of the country, in 1065, by brutal hordes of Seljuk Turks rendered it intolerable. These barbarians, but recently converted to Mohammedanism, were nearly as ignorant of the Koran as of the Scriptures. They hardly recognized their fellow-religionists, and are said to have wreaked their vengeance on the Mussulmans of Syria as well as on the Christians.

The news of their atrocities produced a deep sensation over the whole of Christendom. The first to take alarm were, naturally enough, the Byzantine monarchs. In 1073 the Greek Emperor MANUEL VII. sent to supplicate the assistance of the great Pope GREGORY VII. against the Turks, accompanying his petition with many expressions of profound respect for his Holiness and the Latin Church. GREGORY, who beheld in the supplication of MANUEL a grand opportunity for realizing the unity of Christendom, cordially corresponded; but circumstances prevented him from ever carrying the vast designs which he entertained into execution, and the idea of a Crusade died gradually away. It was, however, revived by his successor, URBAN II., an able and humane man, whose sympathies were kindled by the burning zeal of PETER the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in France, who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, witnessed the cruelties perpetrated by the Turks, and was now traversing Europe, preaching every where to crowds in the open air, and producing the most extraordinary enthusiasm by his impassioned descriptions of how pilgrims were murdered, robbed, or beaten, how shrines and holy places were desecrated, and how nothing but greed restrained the Turks (who made the Christians pay heavy taxes for their visits to Jerusalem) from destroying the Holy Sepulchre and extirpating every vestige of Christianity in the land. As soon as the feelings of Europe had been sufficiently heated, URBAN openly took up the question. Two Councils were held in 1095. At the second, held in Clermont, France, a Crusade was definitely agreed upon. The Pope himself delivered a stirring address to a vast multitude of clergy and laymen, and as he proceeded, the pent-up emotions of the crowd burst forth, and cries of "*Deus vult*" (God wills it) rose simultaneously from the whole audience. These words, "*Deus vult*," by the injunction of URBAN, were made the war-cry of the enterprise, and every one that embarked in it wore as a badge the sign of the cross; hence the name crusade, or, in French, *croisade*, from the Latin word *crux*, a cross.

During the next two hundred years there were seven Crusades against the Mohammedan rulers of Palestine. Defeat alternated with success; but at no time were the Christians secure in their tenure of the sacred ground for which they fought. After the last Crusade, originally undertaken by St. LOUIS of France, but continued, upon his death, by Prince EDWARD of England, the knights of the Cross were glad to quit the country in search of fresh adventure in Europe. They had succeed-



"CRUSADERS."—[From a B ting by S

ed in annoying but not dispossessing the Saracens, and were finally glad to leave them in peace.

According to M. Guizot, the effect of the Crusades, though failures so far as their object was concerned, can be distinctly traced in its influence upon modern society. The Crusaders were brought into contact with two civilizations, each richer and more advanced than their own, the Greek and the Saracenic; and it is beyond all question that they were impressed with the wealth and the comparative refinement of the East. Again, the close relationship between the chief laymen of the West and the Church, occasioned by the Crusades, enabled the first to inspect more narrowly the policy and motives of the papal court. The result was disastrous to that spirit of veneration and belief upon which the Church lives, and in many cases an extraordinary freedom of judgment and hardihood of opinion were induced, such as Europe had never before dreamed of. Also great social changes were brought about. A commerce between the East and the West sprang up, and towns began to grow great and powerful. "The Crusades," according to a late writer, "gave commerce the strongest impulse it had ever received. The united effect of these things, again, in predisposing the minds of men for a reformation in religion has often been noticed. Other causes undoubtedly co-operated, and in a more direct and decisive manner, but the influence of the Crusades in procuring an audience for Luther can easily be traced by the faithful student of history."

"PLOWING IN LOWER EGYPT."

When spoken of as a country, Egypt might with propriety be described as the bed of the Nile, the cultivated territory extending only to the limits of the annual overflow. This river runs from the cataracts of Assouan in a northerly direction to Denderah, where there is one great bend to the west. From thence to Cairo it remains a single stream, after which it divides into two main streams, called the Rosetta and Damietta branches. These, emptying themselves into the Mediterranean Sea, inclose the alluvial district known to the ancients as the Delta. To the south of Cairo, Egypt is a long and narrow valley shut in by mountains, beyond which on both sides are vast sandy deserts. With the exception of occasional oases of fertile land occurring at a distance of a hundred miles or more to the west of the Nile, these districts are entirely barren and incapable of cultivation.

The basin of the Nile is formed by the ranges of the Arabian hills on the east and the Libyan on the west; the eastern chain of mountains rises to about a thousand feet above the level of the sea. This vast tract owes its fertility entirely to the annual o of the Nile, absence of rain bein reat physical ity of Egypt. The however, is bly mild and salub pecially sou Delta, and even th f the desert considerable moistu om the middl gust to December, w ds prevail; e from that time to M From March comes the unhealthy wind, or kam from that time arou n to August t or etesian winds. I the year the ture varies from 32° Fahrenheit.

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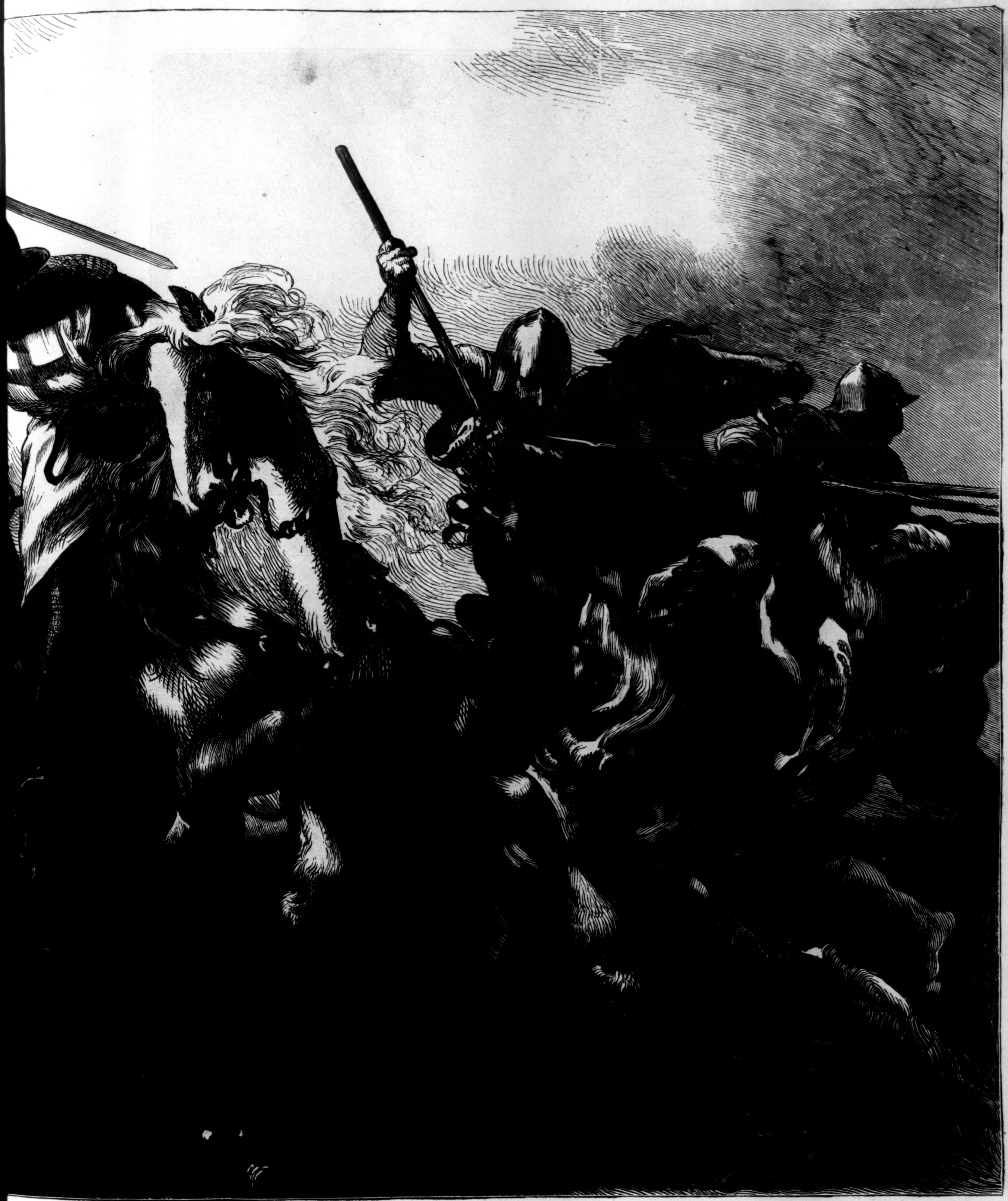

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Having its source in the region of the tropics, it begins to rise when the sun is vertical in Ethiopia, and when the annual rains fall there, from the latter part of May to September, and sometimes October. Reaching first the White Nile, and then the Blue, the beginning of the overflow begins to be apparent at the Delta in the middle of June. In the middle of July the red water is first observed, and the rise may properly be dated from that time. At the height of the flood in Lower Egypt, nothing is to be seen in the plains but the tops of forests and fruit trees, the towns and villages being naturally built on eminences either natural or artificial. The water attains its maximum height at the end of September, and subsides to its minimum in April. In October the land is ready for irrigation, and then occur the curious scenes such as are represented in the engraving on page 728. Oblivious of any sense of the fitness of things, an Egyptian is quite as likely to form a team consisting of an ox and a camel as of any two animals similar in species or better adapted to the harmonious adjustment of a yoke. Such is the fertility of the soil that the labors of the husbandman are not arduous. The wheat and barley are sown upon ground enriched by the late deposit, and in about six weeks nothing can be more charming than the prospect which the face of the country presents, covered with the rising grain and verdure of every sort. Oranges and lemons perfume the air, dates and grapes delight the eye, and the palm-trees, which afford the means of making wine, are blooming and abundant. March and April are the harvest months, and they produce three crops.

The magic by which this abundance is wrought consists of an argillaceous earth or loam, more or less mixed with one or two varieties of sand, derived probably from the deserts, and carried to the river by violent winds. This vast bed of alluvium covers the whole of Lower Egypt to a depth varying from thirty to forty feet. During the last quarter of a century great efforts have been made to render the country less dependent upon the yearly overflow. The Mahmoudieh Canal, fifty miles long and one hundred feet wide, constructed in 1820 to accommodate the commerce between Alexandria and the Nile, has been connected with a large number of smaller canals for the purpose of more completely irrigating the land. In several instances, when the waters of the Nile have failed to attain their usual height, these canals have served to preserve the country from the horrors which would have resulted from a drought. The ancient Egyptians, like the modern, were alive to the necessity of some artificial system of irrigation, and the country was threaded in every direction by canals, of which traces still exist, besides extensive reservoirs or lakes for the storage of water against drought.